

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR HERBERT KITCHENER, SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY, COMMANDER OF THE TROOPS ADVANCING TOWARDS DONGOLA.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The last horror in connection with our treatment of the animal creation is the statement of the fate of the worn-out horses that are sold by thousands to France in order to support the leeches on the Garonne, which literally eat them up alive. "They fasten on them by thousands, and especially on open wounds and galls. The frantic terror of the poor animals before they are sucked down into the noxious slime and seen no more is indescribable." This is defended on the ground that leeches are useful in medical treatment. It is curious, however, that among the advocates of vivisection there seems no one sufficiently "advanced" to propose it to be extended to human beings. It is surely much less shocking to the feelings that criminals of the worst and most cruel type should be made the victims of science than the most faithful of created beings, such as the dog, or the most harmless, such as the rabbit. Moreover, in the case of what we call, in this connection by no means appropriately, the lower animals, the benefit, if any, derived from the investigation is confessedly inferior to what we should gain from experiments on creatures of the same race as ourselves. When I read of the slow torture of children brought to light by Mr. Waugh's society I felt that I could bear to hear of the wretches who inflict it being subjected to equal pains. But surely, it may be observed, not in the case of ladies! Well, that depends. I think I could stand a description of Mother Brownrigg, who flogged three orphan girls to death, being made a handmaid to science without spoiling the experiment (as happens, we are told, in the too delicate treatment of the guinea-pig) by anæsthetics.

In the country of M. Pasteur—where a brother scientist, when asked whether his experiments on animals did not inflict great tortures, replied, "The question never occurred to me"—the vivisection of criminals was actually proposed by Maupertius. In 1721 the Law Officers of the Crown in England suggested that certain persons cast for death should be experimented upon by inoculation for the smallpox; but although the alternative was to be voluntary, and gave them a chance of life, the proposition was not entertained. In some respects, indeed, it is curious that, brutal as were their laws, the hearts of our ancestors were less callous than science has rendered ours. We read that Dr. Hales incurred the reproaches of Pope for practising vivisection: "He is a worthy man, but he cuts up dogs alive." (This with great emphasis and concern.) "It is true he commits these brutalities with the thought of being of use to man; but how do we know we have a right to torture creatures that we are so little above as dogs for our curiosity, even though it may be of some use to us?" For my own part, though I would give everything for health, God forbid that any living creature should be tortured for my sake, even though I was sure that health would be thereby ensured to me!

One who passed his life in royal Courts tells us how highly the stars and orders obtained so cheaply are valued by the wearers. If they were the rewards of valour this would not be surprising, but no one, of course, is more aware than their Serenities themselves that they have no sort of claim to them. Yet "in every drawer and portmanteau there are partitions set aside for them, where they are regarded with the same gloating delight as a girl bestows on her first ball-dress, and the great question of the day is which and how many of these gewgaws are to be worn at dinner." This is spoken of as among the follies and fancies of royalty and its scions, but the love of personal decoration—an inheritance, no doubt, from our savage ancestry—is quite as marked in circles that are by no means so elevated. The middle and lower classes, by whom these objects of desire cannot be obtained from the fountain of honour, have very reasonably invented them for themselves, and a Grand Master of the Freemasons or the Oddfellows may have as many medals—and not less worthily earned—as a German Prince.

What is very curious, the passion for these ornaments, and for the sounding words and phrases with which they are usually conferred, is much more developed in some of our colonies than at home. A correspondent, recently settled in Canada, writes me that nothing strikes a newcomer in that country more than the variety of the (more or less) secret societies which absorb the attention of a large part of the population, and delight it with their airs of pomp and mystery. "Their ostensible object is benevolence and mutual help, but their real attraction is the opportunities they afford for the gratification of personal vanity. The number of their titles and the richness of their insignia are amazing; and your grocer and hairdresser, once within his 'lodge,' is addressed as 'Right Worthy Grand Superior Standard-Bearer,' and moves with dignity, with a silver-plated battle-axe over his shoulder." It certainly seems more impressive to belong to the "Knights of the Black Receptory," the "Knights Templar," or the "Knights of Labour" than the Oddfellows' Society, and it is seldom indeed that the mysteries of these solemn institutions are made visible to the common eye; but an exceptional opportunity has been offered to us by the enterprise of the Ontario Brantford Expositor, which has published a "Souvenir Number on the occasion

of a dedication of a New Hall by the Independent Order of Foresters." As regards orders and medals, one can, perhaps, fancy the coming coronation of the Czar presenting a more splendid spectacle, but in the way of grandiloquence of diction this defies comparison. When the Grand Master has called upon the Grand Chaplain to address the Throne of Grace, he bids the Grand Marshal and the Grand Heralds from the north, south, east, and west to enter. "Grand Herald of the North," says the Grand Master (there is not one cottage among all these grands), "where mountain and valley are perpetually robed in crystalline white, as Purity is the first tenet of our order, without which no one can become a true Forester, bring forth and place upon the base of our altar a white stone." Here herald brings in a white stone. "The next principle," says the Grand Master, "we meet in our annual progress is Friendship, the emblematic colour of which is Pink." This is new to me; but the Grand Herald of the South, "the glow of whose genial warmth bedecks all nature with beauty and fragrance," brings in a pink stone and lays it at the base of the altar.

It is remarkable how the audience can bear all this without screaming with laughter, but they look upon these proceedings as sublime. Grand Heralds bring in stones of blue, "everywhere and universally the synonym of Love"; stones of scarlet for Truth, stones of green for Faith (or, possibly, Credulity), and stones of royal purple, "type of the highest rank and power." This, one would think, is rant enough, but, "leaving the subordinate Lodge, we now ascend still higher to the Encampment Branch. Here cluster virtues more ethereal, if not more excellent." To follow this rubbish to its final dust-hole would be tedious; but the strangeness of the matter is that not only is there not one halfpennyworth of humour to all this intolerable amount of verbosity, but my correspondent assures me that similar societies exercise a considerable influence upon Canadian politics, and that it is difficult to reach any municipal position if a man be not a "joiner"—that is, unless he joins one or other of these lodges. The establishment of a Dick Swiveller Guild or a Simon Tappertit Institution would, it strikes one, be a wholesome reproof to these scissors-and-paste societies.

A Bishop, misled by a newspaper report of the proceedings of one of his clergy, has been giving him an ecclesiastical jobation. A more humorous position can hardly be conceived, since the supposed sinner happened to be a Wesleyan minister, who, of course, owed his Lordship no obedience. What enhanced the joke was that the rebuked one did not understand the other's mistake—or he might have "had him on toast" indeed—and a great many epistolary shots were exchanged between them. The Bishop's letters, as might be expected, grew graver and graver as those of his adversary became more contumacious. At last his Lordship remarks that he hopes he may presently receive an answer which his correspondent "will better care to remember," and observes in a postscript, "Let me add that I generally write such letters as that which I sent to you mostly or wholly on my knees." The other gentleman seems to have been lacking in repartee, or he might have reasonably suggested that this position, though somewhat unusual for epistolary purposes, would be very appropriate for writing an apology.

There is many a boy whose dearest wish is to have a "tight little island" all his own, with the right, of course, of extraditing all objectionable tenants, such as schoolmasters. When Sark was in the market, more than half a century ago, I yearned to bid for it; but I only possessed two shillings and twopence in specie, some marbles, and a guinea-pig, so that it was beyond my means. And now there is an island for sale on the coast of Sicily for, considering its advantages, quite a moderate sum, and the opportunity is once more lost to me because I can't get to Sicily (or even to Piccadilly). It has a house on the estate, and five thousand fig-trees, and vineyards; so that one could sit under one's own fig-tree in five thousand places, and drink one's own Marsala. Above all, the island has the enormous advantage of possessing a volcano, still active, but "quiet," and guaranteed, like the aloe, not to break out more than once in a hundred years or so. As this spectacle would be attractive and saleable, the date of eruption ought to be given as nearly as possible, and the volcano quoted, ex-dividend or otherwise, accordingly. When the volcano is not breaking out—just as when the coster is not jumping on his mother—its crater devotes itself to useful purposes, and produces sulphur and sal ammoniac like a gigantic medicine-chest. Perhaps it is these drugs which affect or, so to speak, "upset" volcanoes. How nice it would be to possess this little estate of eighteen miles in a ring fence (the ocean), and to ask one's friends, as to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race, to come and see an eruption! How popular it would make one—once in a hundred years! I remember so long ago as when "Used Up" was played by Charles Mathews, a suggestion being made of forming what we should now call a syndicate to bring Vesuvius, on the eve of eruption, to Hyde Park, but, somehow or other, it fell through.

There have been many attempts to make short cuts to the knowledge of human character. Physiognomy had

for a long time a great reputation in this way, and has still, not without reason, many believers; then came the day of phrenology, a system also obstinately defended, but the flank of which has, it is understood, been completely turned, all the bad bumps having been found to be good ones and vice versa, so that if the system had been accepted we should have been selecting our churchwardens from the criminal classes, and sending our divines to Dartmoor. Then arose other theories, such as character-reading by handwriting, of the disciples of which one may say generally that if they believe that they will believe anything. Now it seems that the index to character is to be found in the colour of the hair. Russell of the Scotsman, being rallied by a grey-headed friend upon his baldness, remarked, "My hair preferred death to dishonour"; but he did not understand that his condition also defied scrutiny into his character, which must be a great advantage to an editor. It is curious that, according to the experts in this new science, brunettes are of a "tempestuous" disposition, an attribute supposed to belong to the red-haired. The cause of premature baldness is found to be an over-scrupulousness in money matters. I know some comparatively young persons whose hair is brindled. The Yorkshireman to whom someone was complaining that honest people had no chance of getting on in these days, replied, "Well, we mixes it a little in the North," and this is, perhaps, what brindled people do.

The Brigadier Gerard, whose exploits Mr. Conan Doyle has been so good as to describe, is as distinct a creation as Sherlock Holmes himself. If there is something in him that reminds one of Don Quixote, yet not altogether disconnected with Baron Munchausen, there is room enough between those widely dissimilar heroes for an original character, and here he is—brave as a lion, true as steel, simple as a child, but with such a perfect recognition of his own virtues as in a less attractive personality would go far to conceal them; vain as a peacock, a boaster, and no less skilled in the use of the long bow than in all other martial weapons. As to his being the beau idéal of a soldier, as some too partial admirers have argued, however, truth and modesty compel him to say this is not quite so—

There are some gifts which I lack—very few, no doubt—but, still, amid the vast armies of the Emperor there may have been some who were free from those blemishes which stood between me and perfection. Of bravery I say nothing. Those who have seen me in the field are best fitted to speak about that. I have often heard the soldiers discussing round the camp-fires as to who was the bravest man in the Grand Army. Some said Murat, and some said Lasalle, and some Ney; but for my own part, when they asked me, I merely shrugged my shoulders and smiled. It would have seemed mere conceit if I had answered that there was no man braver than Brigadier Gerard. At the same time, facts are facts, and a man knows best what his own feelings are. But there are other gifts besides bravery which are necessary for a soldier, and one of them is that he should be a light sleeper. Now, from my boyhood onwards, I have been hard to wake.

This is not a very great drawback; if it had been, the Brigadier would not, perhaps, have dwelt upon it—he prefers to look upon the bright side of himself. As a matter of fact, in the way of intelligence he is not very bright. One of the pleasantest of his exploits occurs during an expedition on which Napoleon sends him with false dispatches for the very purpose of his being taken prisoner and deceiving the enemy; but his unparalleled courage brings him through it, and he does the very thing he is not wanted to do. However, he gets the special medal of honour, since, says the Emperor, if he has the thickest head he has also the stoutest heart in the army.

It is difficult to say which of the Brigadier's eight adventures is the most exciting. Perhaps the most terrible of them, though, like all the rest, relieved by humour, is his experience of the brigand El Cuchillo. He falls into his merciless hands, and hears from his own lips how one brother officer has been buried alive, and another put to death with frightful torments. As for himself, he is to be tied to two bent saplings, and torn asunder when they are released from their bonds. "If you are stronger than the trees, of course," says the brigand, "no harm will be done; otherwise we shall have a souvenir of you upon each side of our little glade." The Brigadier acknowledges to himself that not above ten times in his life has he been in a more perilous situation. He has, indeed, done for the lieutenant of the band, which is a great comfort to reflect upon; but his spirits sink to zero when he thinks upon the various girls who will mourn for him and of the deplorable loss he will be to the Emperor and the army. He is rescued by some English troopers under the command of a young captain, "a brave lad connected with the nobility. It is one advantage of a wandering life like mine," reflects the Brigadier, "that you learn to pick up those bits of knowledge which distinguish the man of the world. I have, for example, hardly ever met a Frenchman who could repeat an English title correctly. If I had not travelled I should not be able to say with confidence that this young man's real name was Milor the Hon. Sir Russell Bart, this last being an honourable distinction, so that it was as 'the Bart' that I usually addressed him, just as in Spanish one might say 'the Don.'" One has heard much of the excellence of this and that writer of short stories, as if the art were a special gift, but here is a collection of them, by an author who has written long ones also, which may take rank with the best.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The Egyptian army, formed and commanded by British officers, is about to undertake a forward movement in the Soudan, which might have been advisable before long, even if the position of Kassala had not become precarious by the defeat of the Italian army beyond the Abyssinian frontier. It is true that King Menelik, the Negus of the Abyssinian Empire, being a Christian prince, is not the enemy of civilising rule in the Soudan; and it is the Khalifa, or successor of the Mahdi, the chief of the "Der-vishes," a powerful sect of Mohammedan heretics and fanatics among the mixed Arab and African tribes of the Upper Nile region, in Kordofan and Darfur, with whom the possession of Nubia must be disputed by the forces of the Khedive, with British advice and support.

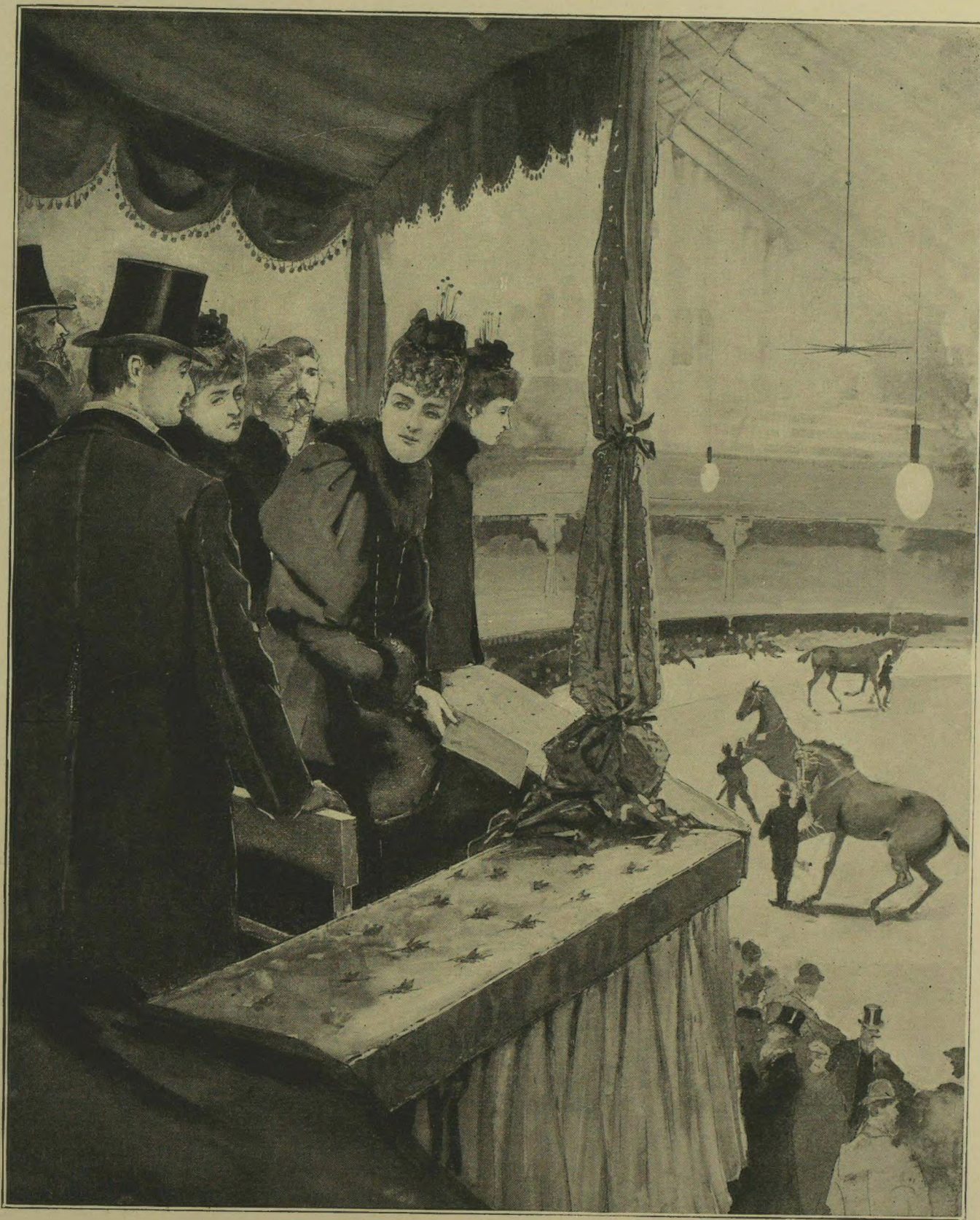
Twelve years ago — upon the failure of Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition to relieve the besieged city of Khartoum and to save the life of General Gordon, after the determination already formed that Egypt should relinquish the former dominion of the Soudan — which had extended southward nearly to Lake Albert Nyanza, and had included both Kordofan and Darfur to the west, Berber and Kassala and the Red Sea coast to the east — the British Government made a great mistake. This was the hasty abandonment of those positions on the Nile, around the great bend of that river enclosing the Nubian Desert, which had been occupied by Lord Wolseley's forces as far as Korti, and from which, at a convenient time, it would not have been difficult to advance up the river to Berber, to Metemmeh, and to Khartoum, with the aid of the railway, actually begun in construction, between the seaport of Souakin and Berber. The Mahdi, or his successor, remaining in force at Omdurman, close to the ruined city of Khartoum, might for some years have been kept at a distance, while the reorganisation of the Egyptian native troops was proceeding; the trade of Nubia, which was valuable to Egypt, might have been preserved with the navigation of the Nile for nearly a thousand miles; and the Nubian tribes, most of which had not revolted against the Khedive's rule, would have been spared an immense amount of ill-treatment and distress, inflicted by the rapacious and cruel followers of the Mahdi since the withdrawal of a protecting Government.

It is to remedy those evils which have resulted from the total abandonment of the Nile above Wady Halfa in 1884, that the advance towards Dongola is now undertaken. This resolution has been accelerated by the evident danger of Kassala, with its Italian garrison, within reach of a possible attack from the Khalifa's headquarters at Omdurman. It is thought likely that the movement now commenced may serve as a diversion to draw off the enemy's forces in another direction. At any rate, Nubia, a most ancient dominion of Egypt under the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and the Roman Empire, reconquered in the nineteenth century by the successors of Mahomet Ali, and lost through the break-down of the Khedive's Government in 1882, may now be restored without going so far as Khartoum. The task begins on April 1 with the assembling of a force of eight thousand Egyptian troops (mostly "black" or Soudanese native soldiery) at Wady Halfa, commanded by Sir Herbert Kitchener, Colonel Rundle, and Colonel Hunter, and supported by the North Staffordshire Regiment. Seventy or eighty British officers are with

these troops. They will advance, in the first instance, from Sarras, only eighty miles, to Akasheh, which is about one third of the distance to Dongola. The further movement to Dongola will be deferred until after the hot season.

## BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR H. KITCHENER.

The command of the troops which are to advance from Wady Halfa to Dongola has been intrusted to Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Horatio Kitchener, K.C.M.G., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen and Sirdar of the Khedive's army, who has in his time seen a good deal of service against the Mahdi and his followers, and who has a very large knowledge of all things Egyptian. Sir Herbert was born in 1851, and obtained his commission just twenty years later. In 1874, however, he temporarily forsook his military career to take part in the survey of Western Palestine under Major Conder. He subsequently came home to direct the preparation of the Palestine Exploration map.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE HORSE SHOW AT ISLINGTON.

After holding office as Vice-Consul at Erzeroum he was sent to Cyprus to complete a survey of the island, but a desire for military life led him to offer his services for the Egyptian Army in 1882. He was an officer on the staff of the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and commanded a brigade of the Egyptian army in the operations near Souakin in 1888, having two years previously become a Pasha in the Egyptian army, and been appointed Governor of Souakin. In the same year he also commanded the Soudanese troops at Gemaizah, and a year later at Toski, on the Nile, where the Mahdi's troops, who had advanced beyond Halfa, were repulsed. Throughout this period he was constantly mentioned in the dispatches. He has many decorations, and has been Sirdar of the Egyptian army since 1892, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

## THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE ISLINGTON HORSE SHOW.

On March 12, the concluding day of the twelfth annual show of the Hunters Improvement Society, which was the last of the present season's series of shows, the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud

and Prince Charles of Denmark, paid a visit to the Royal Agricultural Hall. Their Royal Highnesses arrived shortly before midday, and were escorted to the royal box by the Duke of Portland, Lord Coventry, Lord Ribblesdale, and others of the chief officials of the show. The challenge cups were then awarded, the Princess of Wales presenting them in person to the owners of the prize exhibits from the royal box. A parade of the horses exhibited was then held, and after the departure of the royal party the show was brought to an end with an auction.

## OLD COACHING INNS.

At Waltham Cross, just where the North Road joins the road leading to Waltham Abbey, stand two famous old coaching hostleries, the Falcon and the Four Swans, the latter of which may, in part at least, probably date from the time of Edward I., if its quaint signboard, dated 1206, is to be believed. The spot is, indeed, historically connected

with the first Edward, for close beside the two inns stands an Eleanor Cross, erected by Edward in memory of his consort. Just at the spot in question Eleanor's body rested as it was being conveyed from Lincolnshire to Westminster. The cross is the finest existing specimen of the Eleanor Crosses, of which there were originally twelve, though only three now remain. This example has suffered from three "restorations," but still shows a rich embellishment of tabernacle work, and pendent shields displaying the arms of England, Castile, Leon, and Ponthieu.

Other famous coaching inns on the York Road were the Falcon at Huntingdon and the Angel at Grantham, halting-places right acceptable to the weary ones who had to spend two days and three nights on the 199 miles between London and York, or longer if luck were not on their side. Yet some, the chroniclers saith, died of this mad career. Huntingdon was a great place for inns; its George was long famous, and, but for press of circumstances, Turpin would have refreshed himself and Black Bess there. They must have needed it sorely, for they had covered the fifty-eight miles from London to Huntingdon in something like four hours.

Stamford town had also its George, a house that knew Walter Scott well; but perhaps the most beautiful and interesting of all the coaching inns

on this road is the Angel at Grantham. That it was founded, as legend says, by the Knights Templars, Mr. Outram Tristram begs leave to doubt; but he is certain that it was originally one of those *Maisons du Roi* which were placed at the special service of Kings when they rode on royal progresses or marched to put down rebellion. In the oriel-windowed room over the gateway of the Angel, Richard III. signed the death-warrant of the Duke of Buckingham.

Turning to the Bath Road, one finds at Newbury the "Jack," an inevitable sign, seeing how the place is pervaded by the memory of the right valiant clothmaker, John Smallwood or Winchcombe, nicknamed "Jack of Newbury," whose doughty performance during the Scottish invasion built him a name that will outlive signboards. Mr. Secretary Bolingbroke's lady, so Swift avers, claimed descent from this Jack, "of whom books and ballads are written." On the Brighton Road, again, the Clayton Arms, originally the White Hart, is said to have been a hostelry in Richard the Second's time. Its associations are many and adverse. One of its traditions is that in 1815 it entertained the Regent and the Czar of Russia and other royal sportsmen, on their way to witness the fight for the championship of England, which was held at Blindley Heath, four miles from Godstone Green.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



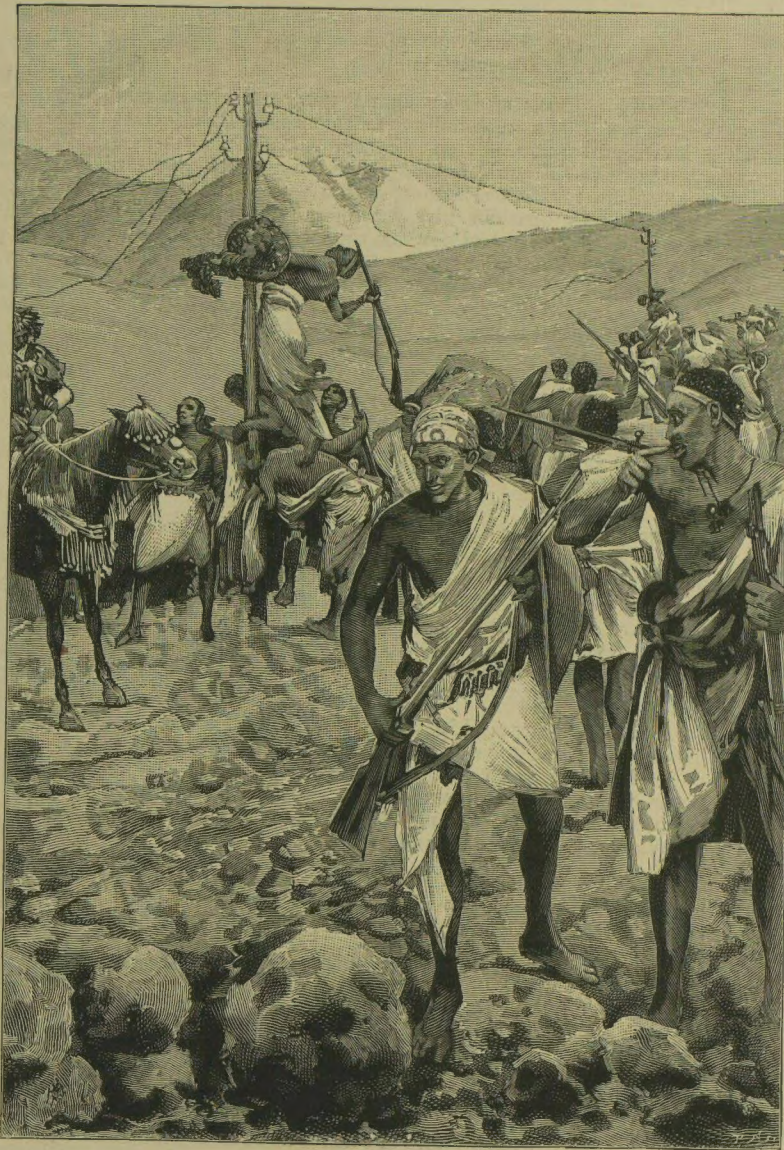
ABOU SEIR MOUNTAIN, THE FARTHEST POINT SOUTHWARD NOW OCCUPIED BY THE EGYPTIANS.

*From the top of this mountain the distant hills near Dongola can be seen.*



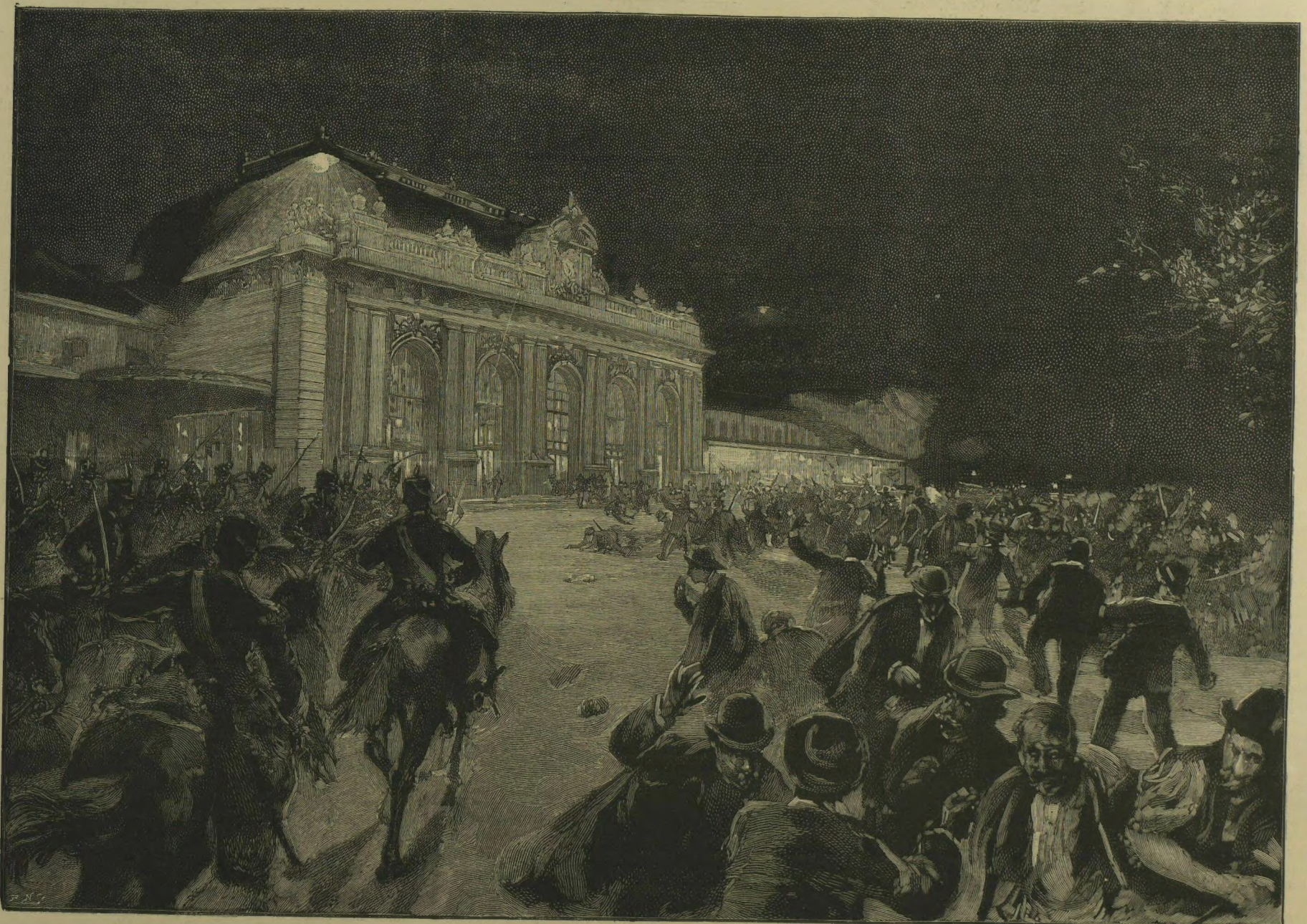
## THE ITALIAN DISASTER IN ABYSSINIA.

Sympathy is generally felt in England for the cruel disaster that has befallen Italy, the bitter national mortification, and the sacrifice of thousands of gallant Italian lives, with great loss of military stores and artillery, in General Baratieri's unsuccessful battle at Adowa, on Sunday, March 1. All the detailed accounts of that disastrous engagement show that its result was due solely to the error committed by the commander-in-chief, while the soldiers and officers, Brigadier - Generals Arimondi, Albertone, Dabormida, and Ellena, with those under them, behaved like heroes in their efforts to save the army from its fatal predicament, divided and entangled amid rugged hills and surrounded by an enemy whose forces were at least five-fold greater than the Italians had in the field. Neither in bravery and steadfast courage nor in the management of the actual fighting did they show themselves inferior to the modern armies of the most renowned European nations. If nearly half the men in the ranks and several of their brigade commanders, with a very large number of other officers, fell in the hopeless combat, this was mainly due to their own devoted pertinacity in disputing the ground during their forced retreat. The Askaris, or Soudanese native soldiers in the Italian service, seem to have done well. It will therefore not be questioned that the military power of Italy is capable of holding its position securely, at least within the small territory of the province of Erythrea, between the fortified seaport of Massowah and the inland ports of Keren and Asmara, when honourable terms of peace shall have been arranged with the Abyssinian ruler, who demands only that all Italian claims on Tigré, his northern dominion, be withdrawn, and that a recognised frontier, which might be drawn from the Koomaylee Pass,



NATIVES CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

near Zulla, Annesley Bay, to the river Mareb, should be made the territorial limit. There is now good hope of satisfactory peace negotiations, which will be the more acceptable since the Italians have to provide, at this moment, against a fresh danger from a very different foe, the Khalifa, or successor of the Mahdi, at Omdurman, who is believed to be preparing an attack upon Kassala. It was not without the express sanction and encouragement of the British Government as charged with the Protectorate of the Soudan for Egypt, that Kassala, a large town of Eastern Sennaar, half-way between Khartoum and Massowah, and about the same distance (some three hundred miles) from Berber, was occupied by an Italian garrison before the war in Abyssinia began. Kassala is a place of the greatest importance to any project that may hereafter be entertained for delivering the Soudan and the Nile at Khartoum from the desolating tyranny of the Mahdists, and from the marauding, slaughtering, kidnapping, and slave-trading practices which are sustained by that fanatical and hypocritical sect. If the Italians be compelled by their late reverses to abandon Kassala, all future operations in the Soudan to restore a civilising rule will be made the more difficult, and both the Nile towards Egypt and the ports of the Red Sea coast will be the less secure from hostile approach. It seems likely that the "Dervish" attack on Kassala may be undertaken, not by the forces which the Khalifa Abdallah has immediately under his own command at Omdurman, on the Nile, opposite Khartoum, but by his able and active Emir in the Eastern Soudan, the notorious Osman Digna, who for several years, from 1884 to 1887 and later, contended fiercely with the British troops in the neighbourhood of Souakin and Tokar.



DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE DEPARTURE OF TROOPS IN FRONT OF THE RAILWAY STATION, MILAN.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Helena (Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein) and her daughter Princess Victoria, is at her temporary residence on the Riviera, the Hôtel de Cimiez, Nice, daily joined by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and her children, who are at the adjacent Villa Liserb, and by Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg. On Friday, March 13, her Majesty was visited by the Emperor and Empress of Austria, who were staying at Cap Martin; the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has also visited the Queen. The Prince of Wales has come over from Cannes to see her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, with Prince Charles of Denmark, quitted London on Saturday for Sandringham, where they stay during Easter.

The Duke of York on March 11 presided at the annual dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, held at the Hôtel Métropole. His Royal Highness spoke very kindly of that useful class, numbering thirteen thousand in London, who are, he said, "as a rule, honest, sober, and civil."

Lord Rosebery was entertained at dinner by the National Liberal Club on March 12, and made a speech criticising the attitude of the Unionist or Conservative Ministry. Sir William Harcourt on March 11 addressed a meeting of the Liberal party at Bournemouth. The Marquis of Londonderry opened the new Unionist Club at Sunderland on March 13. A meeting was held on that day at Essex Hall, in London, Sir Wilfrid Lawson presiding, in opposition to the increased Naval Estimates.

The disputed election for the St. George's-in-the-East division of London was determined on Friday, March 13, after twenty-five days' trial, by the judgment of Mr. Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Bruce, dismissing the petition of Mr. Benn, the defeated candidate, against Mr. H. Marks, the sitting member. The counsel for Mr. Marks then opened the case for recriminatory charges against Mr. Benn.

The annual meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations, which has been joined by two hundred and fifty of those bodies in the United Kingdom, was held on March 13. Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., was re-elected President, and Mr. J. C. Bigham, Q.C., M.P., was elected Vice-President upon the retirement of Alderman Sir George Roe.

An action for libel brought by Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P., formerly secretary to the National Amalgamated Seamen's and Firemen's Union, against the treasurer and secretary of the Free Labour Association, before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury, resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff with one farthing damages, as he did not go into the witness-box, and as the publication of the libel was not denied.

On Tuesday, at the Bow Street Police Court, Dr. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, and the thirteen other gentlemen, late officers of the British South Africa Chartered Company's Matabililand and Mashonaland Armed Police, and of the Bechuanaland Border Police, charged with the offence, under the Foreign Enlistment Act, of preparing war against the Transvaal South African Republic, were again brought up on remand, before Sir John Bridge, the presiding magistrate in that court. The same counsel appeared as before for the Government prosecution, and for the defendants, and Sir George Lewis watched the case for the Government of the South African Republic. The witnesses examined were Mr. Sydney Charles Ruck, a sergeant of the Matabililand Mounted Police, Philip Leopold Hill, Charles Henry Kitson, of the same force, and Inspector J. W. Brown, of the Cape Mounted Police. An important letter, written from Johannesburg on Dec. 20, to Dr. Jameson, and signed by Mr. Charles Lennard, Colonel Frank Rhodes, and Messrs. Lionel Phillips, John Hay, John Hammond, and George Farrar, was also put in evidence. The inquiry was again adjourned for a week.

In foreign politics the chief topics of observation and discussion have been the situation of Italy since her deplorable military reverses in Abyssinia, and its possible effect upon the value of her close alliance with Germany and Austria in Europe; also the resolution of the British Government, practically reaffirming its claim to exercise a sole protectorate over Egyptian interests, to promote a forward movement of troops on the Soudan frontier, up the Nile, from Wady Halfa, in the direction of Dongola, to check any Dervish hostile approach into the Nubian territory. These subjects have greatly occupied the attention of writers in the German and French journals during the last few days, but no responsible Continental statesmen have yet publicly uttered any opinions concerning them.

The new Italian Ministry, headed by the Marquis di Rudini, with the Duca di Sermoneta as Minister of Foreign Affairs, has already received friendly assurances from the German and Austrian Imperial Governments, and will probably be allowed, without distraction, to apply itself to the task of restoring the military defences of its East African colony, while defending Kassala from the expected attack by the Mahdists or Dervishes, if it can negotiate an honourable peace with Abyssinia, of which there is considerable hope. Menelik, the Negus, or Emperor, of that singular and long sequestered Ethiopian Christian realm, is not behaving at all like a ferocious barbarian monarch, however different his complexion and costume may be from those of European princes. His attitude on the day after a signal military victory, and at the head of a hundred thousand soldiers, within a few days of his solemn consecration and coronation in the Church of Axum, is far more edifying than the historical examples of such "Most Christian Kings" as Louis XIV. Menelik asks that King Humbert of Italy shall write him an autograph letter, with the royal seal, expressing a desire for peace; that the Italian troops shall at once quit Adigrat, shall erect no other fortress,

and withdraw to their own territory, as defined by a former treaty; and that Italy shall pledge herself to enter into no alliance hostile to Abyssinia; while he offers to create a "buffer State" in Tigré, on the Italian frontier, and will undertake to oppose the Dervishes of the Soudan, against whom, at Kassala, the Italians will presently have enough to do. These are proposals not to be called moderate, but handsome.

At the meeting of the Italian Senate and Chamber of Deputies at Rome on Tuesday, the Marquis di Rudini read a Ministerial statement on this subject, from which it appears that General Baldissera is empowered by his instructions of March 8 to treat for peace on whatever terms he may consider best for the safety of the Italian colony of Erythrea and for the dignity of Italy. He is now authorised to evacuate the fortress of Adigrat, and it is declared that Italy does not aspire to the conquest of Tigré, and would even decline any offer of that territory, as prejudicial to her interests. General Baldissera has telegraphed that he does not need the additional troops and batteries which were ready to be sent out to him. The Ministry ask for a credit of nearly six million pounds sterling to cover the war expenses to the end of this year. The Senate has passed a vote of thanks to the British Parliament and Government for their expression of sympathy upon this occasion.

The judicial inquiry at Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, concerning the charge of treasonable conspiracy and preparations for an armed insurrection at Johannesburg against the Government of the South African Republic, was resumed on Wednesday, March 11, and further evidence was taken against Messrs. Charles Lennard, Lionel Phillips, Hammond, Farrar, and other defendants.

An English steam-ship, the *Matadi*, laden with a cargo including twelve tons of gunpowder, for the Congo Free State, has been destroyed by an accidental explosion at Boma, the port near the entrance to that river; about forty persons were killed, among them two or three English passengers, a missionary and his wife.

Great loss of life and destruction of property have been caused in the Russian province of Orel by a terrible snow-storm. The floods in different parts of Germany, where the rivers, tributaries of the Danube, the Neckar, the Main, and the Rhine, suddenly overflowed, have occasioned much distress to many thousands of people.

There are now signs of a friendly disposition in the United States Government towards equitable diplomatic mediation between England and Venezuela, without claiming an imperative right to settle the questions in dispute.

The United States Court of Justice at Philadelphia has also vindicated the international obligation of neutrality between Spain and the Cuban insurgents, by a sentence of fine and imprisonment on the captain and mates of a Danish vessel which carried an armed expedition to Cuba from that port.

## PARLIAMENT.

There are still no Bills from the Government, but there is a nice new expedition into the Soudan. The Ministerial case is that the defeat of the Italians by the Abyssinians has caused a dangerous commotion among the Arabs, who are understood to be threatening the Egyptian frontier. The inextinguishable Osman Digna is on the war-path, and it is supposed to be the object of the Dervishes to attack Kassala. Mr. George Curzon has explained that an Egyptian advance to a point midway between Wady Halfa and Kassala is imperative; and an Egyptian advance means, of course, a British undertaking. Whether it may be necessary to push on to Dongola, the granary of the Soudan, Mr. Curzon does not say, but it seems eminently likely. Mr. Labouchere thought it expedient to move the adjournment of the House in order to protest against this policy. He said agreeable things about the Italians, to the effect that he admired them in Italy, but not when they were waging war against a Christian nation like the Abyssinians. Mr. Labouchere's sympathy with Christian nations is well known to be excessive. He was supported by Sir Charles Dilke, who viewed the Soudan Expedition with the greatest distrust, and by Mr. Courtney, who warned the Government that any attempt to reconquer the Soudan would be condemned by an important section of their supporters. Sir William Harcourt was very circumspect, but he, too, protested vigorously against any renewal of the enterprise which culminated in the abortive expedition to Khartoum a dozen years ago. Mr. Balfour was not to be drawn into any definite statement; but Mr. Curzon declared that the Italians were our "staunch allies," and that we were bound to do our best to create a diversion in their favour. The vote for the Ashanti Expedition led to some lively scenes between Mr. Chamberlain and various members of the Opposition. Mr. Sydney Buxton was a good deal hampered by the fact that the late Government deemed it expedient to coerce King Prempeh, but he thought that monarch had been harshly treated. Mr. Chamberlain retorted that the Ashanti King had complained of nothing excepting an inadequate allowance of alcohol. The particular humiliation inflicted on the vanquished hero was, in the Colonial Secretary's judgment, quite in accordance with Ashanti traditions. Whether it was in accordance with the traditional British attitude towards a conquered enemy Mr. Chamberlain did not inquire. Mr. Brodrick explained the Army Estimates in an excellent speech, from which it appeared that the Army costs nearly as much as the much greater military armaments of the chief Continental Powers; but Mr. Brodrick pointed out not unreasonably that in this respect the Continental Powers have a great advantage in the system of compulsory service. The net result is that out of an expenditure of about a hundred millions our Army and Navy cost us forty, with every prospect of a substantial increase. A debate on Bimetallism elicited a strong statement from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that although the Government were not unwilling to enter into a conference with other Powers, they would do nothing to injure the gold standard of this country.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

A pretty little fancy rather than a play, produced as a first piece at the Lyceum, has been the only break in the recent uneventful Lenten season. "The Shades of Night" has more promise than perfection, and it deals with a young couple who have escaped to a haunted room in an old castle, meeting the ghosts of their ancestors and conversing with them in the most affable and modern fashion. In fact, I rather think that the young people, who were on their way to a ball-supper, suggested that the spirits of the past should "take a drink." This is all in the temper of the age that encourages realism and discounts imagination. The ballad of "William and Margaret" would be sadly out of place when spooks and spirits take to chaffing one another. Mr. Frank Gillmore and Miss Henrietta Watson enter into the joke, and if it can be arranged that the little play can be acted in a lighter scene the audience would be grateful.

It is strange to me that Sir Henry Irving and others who know so much about American theatres should still resolutely refuse to encourage a bright playhouse. In America gaiety and brightness prevail everywhere; but in London in the gloom all you can hear is "Two steps, please," or "Three steps, and be careful," as the invited guests grope their way to seats and stalls that they cannot see. As to consulting a programme, it is out of the question unless you take a match out of your pocket and strike it, which is an uncommonly dangerous and indefensible proceeding in a crowded theatre. Anything more melancholy and depressing than the appearance of one of these new-fangled dark theatres it is impossible to conceive. It is not as if they only darkened the auditorium when the curtain is up, which may be a good plan, though I have never appreciated it at its full value; but when the curtain is down the theatre is like a catacomb; and to make the misery and depression more complete the orchestra gives out the most dreadful wails of music as melancholy as can be selected in the whole history of the art. What sins have we all committed that we should be doomed to take our pleasures so sadly, to be plunged into dark, cavernous playhouses, and to be tortured with "tunes that the old cow" must have died of? Contrast with all this the brightest little theatres in London—say the new Royalty and the Criterion. All the "blue devils" instantly disappear, and, as in America, the audience is put into a good temper and frame of mind at the outset. And then people wonder that there is an exodus to the Empire, or the Alhambra, or the Palace Theatre, or other bright places where playgoing is not so intimately associated with purgatorial pain. However, it was a treat to be asked to go to the Lyceum again, if only for the chance of renewing acquaintance with "For the Crown," and enjoying once more the really fine acting of Forbes-Robertson and Charles Dalton. But, taken all round, "For the Crown" is a play of fine parts. Basilide and Melitza, the Prince and Constantine, are parts as fine as in any play written for Sarah Bernhardt by Sardou, and the Bishop-King is certainly not to be despised. But though the play has brought to the front an excellent romantic actor of strength and elocutionary power in Charles Dalton, I fear it has discovered a weak spot in our list of actresses.

Someone has done me the honour of stating deliberately in print that when "A Woman's Reason" was produced at the Shaftesbury I stated it was a better play than "Frou-Frou." One grows accustomed to these reckless exaggerations. I said nothing of the kind. The only allusion to "Frou-Frou" was that the play reminded me, as it reminded many others, of "Frou-Frou"—that was all. But I say and I still maintain that it was a remarkably acted play as it was originally cast. But what happens? Charles Coghlan, who was at the outset the pivot of the play—as fine a performance in its way as anyone would desire to see—becomes ill and has to retire, and then people wonder why the same enthusiasm is not felt about "A Woman's Reason." The lynch-pin has fallen out, that is all. But then modern criticism never takes much trouble about acting or the effect of acting on an audience. They judge the play and nothing but the play. I can imagine the loss of Charles Coghlan affected every scene in which he was engaged. It certainly must have affected the great scene at the conclusion, and in doing so affected materially all the scenes in which Mr. Lewis Waller and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree were engaged, for good artists never play so well as when they have to act up to good artists. Think, for instance, what the great parricide scene in "For the Crown" would have been had not Charles Dalton luckily been selected to cross swords with Forbes-Robertson. Supposing the warrior-father had been deplorably weak, or horribly slow and mouthy, or undramatic. What would have happened? No one would have said that the bad acting ruined the scene; but all would have maintained to a man that the play was a very poor one—which it is not. The lynch-pin having fallen out of "A Woman's Reason," and the coach having broken down, what do they all say? They do not say that the loss of Charles Coghlan was a very great and serious loss indeed, which materially affected the play, but they say, "What ridiculous nonsense it was ever to praise 'A Woman's Reason'! It was always a bad play, and it has been proved by the brevity of its run." Nothing of the kind. It was a fairly interesting and extremely well-acted play, and it might be running now if the cast were the same as it was at the outset. Take Forbes-Robertson out of "For the Crown," and what becomes of the play? It drops to nothing; but the loss of a Forbes-Robertson does not prove the play to be bad; it proves that the best plays die without good acting or with careless casting. In my humble opinion Charles Coghlan was ineffective in every scene in which Mercutio was concerned in a recent revival of "Romeo and Juliet." Equally, in my opinion, the Romeo of Forbes-Robertson was as different from his Constantine as chalk is from cheese. But what could be finer than Coghlan in "A Woman's Reason," and Forbes-Robertson in "For the Crown"? Mrs. Patrick Campbell does not cease to be superb in "Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Mrs. Ebbsmith" because she is weak and ineffective in the stabbing finale as Melitza. Again, Winifred Emery, the perfect Clarissa Harlowe and a beautiful Frou-Frou, is not to be blamed because Basilide does not suit her.



## PERSONAL.



THE MARQUIS DI RUDINI.  
The New Italian Prime Minister.

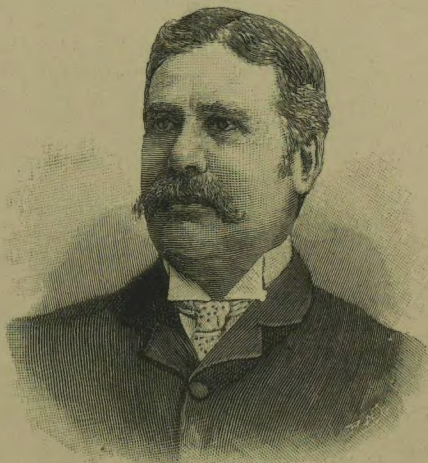
The Marquis di Rudini, the new Italian Prime Minister, who, not for the first time, has come to the front in Italian politics on the eclipse of Signor Crispi, is of Sicilian parentage, and was born at Palermo fifty-seven years ago. He first attracted attention beyond the boundaries of his native city by displaying a notable energy and some statesmanlike judgment when called upon, as Syndic of Palermo, to repress a rising of discontented Bourbonists. He was at that time a young man of twenty-seven, but his action won him so much credit that two years afterwards he was appointed Prefect of Naples, and another twelvemonth saw him a member of General Menabrea's Cabinet. On the fall of Signor Crispi in 1891, King Humbert requested him to form a Ministry, and in doing so the Marquis cast himself for the dual rôle of President of Council and Foreign Minister. The chief feature of his foreign policy, which attached great importance to the maintenance of the Triple Alliance, was an increased friendliness towards France. The offence which this attitude gave (as it may possibly give once more in the near future) to Germany and Austria combined with the difficulties of his position as a champion of economy and retrenchment to bring his period of power to an abrupt end a year after his accession to office. In accepting the Premiership at the present crisis the Marquis di Rudini has adopted popular views with regard to the African policy of his country, and has announced the withdrawal of the troops from Abyssinia, while maintaining the Italian colony on the shores of the Red Sea.

It is announced that there will be no Royal Academy banquet this year. This resolution of the Council is much discussed, and it cannot be said to command unanimous approval. There is certainly no precedent for such a course. It is said that the Queen and the Prince of Wales recommended the omission of the banquet as a tribute to Lord Leighton's memory. On the other hand, it is contended that, as the banquet would have been held quite three months after the late President's death, the particular tribute seems a little overstrained.

Mr. James Payn is to be succeeded as editor of *Cornhill* by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, whose name is well known in periodical literature, and who lately edited an entertaining volume of "Dog Stories from the *Spectator*." Mr. Payn's retirement from *Cornhill* has been made necessary by a prolonged indisposition, which, however, has not quenched the vivacity of his pen, as the readers of this Journal have excellent reason to know.

Mrs. William Morris, once known to the theatrical world as Miss Florence Terry, sister of Mrs. Arthur Lewis, Miss Ellen and Miss Marion Terry, has died after a painful illness. In the early days of Sir Henry Irving's management of the Lyceum Miss Florence Terry was a member of his company, and played Nerissa in his first production of "The Merchant of Venice." She never had much experience as an actress, for she left the stage on her marriage to Mr. William Morris, jun., of the well-known firm of Ashurst, Morris, and Cripps; but there are many playgoers with pleasant memories of the vivacity which she had in common with her more famous sisters.

Mr. Gardner Williams, who was arrested at Kimberley, by order of the Cape Government, on the grave charge of having secretly removed guns and ammunition from Capetown to Kimberley, is a man of considerable importance in South Africa as general manager of the De Beers Consolidated Mines. Mr. Williams is accused of supplying the revolutionists with large quantities of arms, which are said to have been sent concealed beneath coke and coal and in casks of oil. Mr. Williams is an American, and won some distinction at the University of California, and subsequently at the Mining School of Freiberg, in Saxony. After sundry experiences as a mining engineer on the Pacific Coast, he went to South Africa some twelve years ago, and it is a testimony to his ability and character that, but three years from the beginning of his connection with the De Beers Mines, he was appointed general manager of the enterprise, and in this capacity won much respect.



MR. GARDNER WILLIAMS.

The Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on Monday, March 16, was one of those remarkable occasions when Herr Joachim was at his very best. In his playing of the splendid Beethoven-Rasoumofsky Quartet in F major he was simply unsurpassable. Every rare and flying mood of the musician was captured by him, as it were, on the wing. The playing of Beethoven, as of others, at the Monday Popular Concerts is always after a certain method, fixed and classical; but upon this occasion Joachim triumphantly succeeded in making the old method seem new and beautifully unhackneyed. He was ably supported by MM. Ries, Gibson, and Piatti. Later on the violinist played the Schumann Fantasia composed expressly for himself more than forty years ago. The pianist was Mr. Mark Hambourg, who played Chopin's Nocturne in G major without distinction, and Raff's Variations in D minor with extraordinary skill and finish. The vocalist was Madame Bertha Moore, who was decidedly agreeable.

Among the evening celebrations of St. Patrick's Day the two most important were the concerts held at the Albert Hall and the Queen's Hall. At the first, the band of the Scots Guards and Mr. William Carter's choir helped to make the proceedings lively, the band in particular playing Irish selections with amazing freshness and vigour. Madame Belle Cole sang excellently; her rendering of "The Vales of Arklow" was exceptionally brilliant. Mr. David Bispham sang "An Old Irish Wheel" with splendid zest and humour; and Mr. Lloyd Chandos, Mr. Charles Kelly, and Miss Esther Palliser all distinguished themselves. At the Queen's Hall, Madame Ella Russell was the heroine of the evening; and we have, as a matter of fact, seldom heard her sing better—her interpretation of "That dear little Shamrock" was quite beautiful. Signor Foli received large measure of applause by his spirited singing of "Off to Philadelphia"; Mr. Barton McGuckin was hardly so successful. Madame Medora Henson sang not without brilliance, despite a severe cold; and there were recitations and quartets and other solos to fill up the programme of a very full evening.

The stage has lost one of its most distinguished veterans by the death of Mr. Henry Howe on March 9 at Cincinnati,



Photo Martin and Sallnow, Strand.  
THE LATE MR. HENRY HOWE.

whither he had accompanied Sir Henry Irving on his present American tour. Mr. Howe, who was within three weeks of his eighty-fourth birthday, came of a Norwich Quaker family named Hutchinson.

As a boy of sixteen he became stage-struck, and sought out Edmund Kean at Richmond. The tragedian laughed him out of his ambitions for a time, but three years later the youth joined a provincial company. Mr. Howe's first London appearance was made at the Victoria, as Rashleigh Osbaldistone in "Rob Roy." In 1837 he was engaged by Macready for Covent Garden, where he played many parts during the next few years. He was in the original cast of "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu," and in later life could boast that he had played every male rôle in the former piece, and in sundry others. In Macready's series of farewell performances he appeared with much success as Mark Antony in "Julius Caesar." For some forty years Mr. Howe was a prominent member of the Haymarket Theatre Company, under Buckstone, sharing in the many triumphs of Charles Mathews, Charlotte Cushman, and other celebrities. He was subsequently seen in several comedies at the Vaudeville; but since 1881 his name had been identified with the Lyceum, where he played, with fine dignity and admirable elocution, in a number of elderly rôles in Sir Henry Irving's chief productions.

The German Colonial Office is unfortunate in some of its administrators. Two of them have been tried for grave offences, and now Dr. Carl Peters is arraigned in the Reichstag for a peculiarly revolting act of barbarity. As there is no question about the facts, the German Government have to consider whether their reputation is bound up with the high-handed discipline which Dr. Peters and others have practised in Africa. Fortunately, Germany has in Major von Weissmann an administrator of a different stamp, who may be trusted to make every effort to retrieve his country's good name by a humane treatment of the natives in the German African possessions.

The retirement of Sir Henry Blake from the Governorship of Jamaica will probably be followed by the appointment of Lord Arthur Hill to that post. Lord Arthur Hill is one of the Conservative Whips, and is extremely popular with all parties in the House of Commons, who will miss him sorely, while rejoicing at his well-deserved preferment.

Count Tolstoi has written another of his strange indictments of modern civilisation. He has been moved to this by the Venezuelan question, which he regards as another proof of the barbaric selfishness of Christian States. The very existence of a State he holds to be inconsistent with the principles of Christianity; and he gravely asserts that the duty of every citizen is to weaken his particular State as much as possible. The same argument might be applied to families. If no Christian can be a patriot, no Christian can cherish the sentiment of family pride; therefore, the duty of every man is to damage his family as much as he can. Such reasoning is characteristic of Tolstoi's fantastic intellect; but what it has to do with Christianity is not apparent.

The new combined office of Deputy Commissioner for South Africa and Commandant-General of all the police forces in Bechuanaland, Matabililand, and Mashonaland, has been filled by the appointment of Sir Richard Martin, who will leave England almost immediately to enter upon his new dignities and duties under Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner for South Africa. Sir Richard Edward Rowley Martin, K.C.M.G., who is not to be confused with the two other Sir Richard Martins, comes of a well-known Suffolk family whose seat, Hemingstone Hall, is not far from Ipswich. He is a tall, powerful man, forty-nine years of age, and has had a wide experience of the changes and chances of life in South Africa. He went through the Boer War of 1881 as a Major in the Inniskilling Dragoons, and two years later served in command of the mounted infantry when Cetewayo was installed in Zululand. In 1884 he was commandant at the general dépôt of the Bechuanaland Field Force, and in 1887 was appointed to the command of the Eshowe Column in Zululand. During the last thirteen years he has served the Colonial Office almost continuously in a series of important appointments, having been successively President of the Portuguese and Swaziland Boundary Commission, Special Commissioner in Tongaland, and British Commissioner in Swaziland, where he was one of the Triumvirate Government.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
COLONEL SIR RICHARD MARTIN,  
Deputy Commissioner for South Africa.

Public interest in the trial of Dr. Jameson has been stimulated by an alleged plot to rescue him from the troop-ship *Victoria*. A yacht belonging to a Russian nobleman was chartered, the intention being to wait for the *Victoria* off Ushant, make a sham collision, and enable Dr. Jameson and his brother-officers to slip over the troop-ship's side in the confusion, and get on board the yacht. It seems to have been taken for granted that Dr. "Jim" would be quite willing to seize this opportunity of escaping back to "Charterland," and setting himself up as an avowed outlaw.

The London East Anglians have resolved to assert that local patriotism which Tolstoi considers so irreligious. They have formed a society, which held its first banquet last week at the Holborn Restaurant under the presidency of Sir Evelyn Wood, not the least distinguished in the long roll of East Anglians who have done the State some service. The society already numbers over three hundred members, and there was a very large and enthusiastic company, who cheered again every oratorical affirmation that East Anglians are the salt of the earth. Sir Evelyn Wood was supported by several of the East Anglian members of Parliament, including Mr. Robert Price, Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, Mr. F. S. Stevenson, Mr. F. W. Wilson, and Mr. Joseph Arch. Mr. Price enlivened the evening by singing the strange adventures of the "Baby on the Shore," to which the ladies listened with mingled sympathy and terror. Sir Evelyn Wood told some quaint stories of a soldier's life at home, and indignant complaint was made by Mr. Corrie Grant about the absence of Suffolk dumplings. Some of his auditors maintained that the dumplings belonged exclusively to Norfolk; but it is not expected that this controversy will cause any secession.

The members of the North Cheshire Hunt will long deplore the loss of their popular Master, Captain Edmund

Waldegrave Park-Yates, who died last week from the effects of a bad fall from his horse. Captain Park-Yates had been Master of the Cheshire Foxhounds for the last eighteen years, and during that long period did much to preserve the high reputation which the Hunt has held continuously since its eighteenth-century days. The late M. F. H. was a son of the Rev. William Park, and took the additional name of Yates on succeeding to the estate of Ince Hall, in Cheshire, which he inherited from his mother shortly before he attained his majority. He was formerly a Captain in the Royal Dragoons, and at one time a Lieutenant in the Lancashire Hussars. While with the Royals in Ireland he developed the love of fox-hunting which was the chief interest of his later life; but he was also a keen all-round sportsman, and for thirty years had spent part of each season in salmon-fishing in Norway. He married a daughter of the late Sir Alexander Dixie.



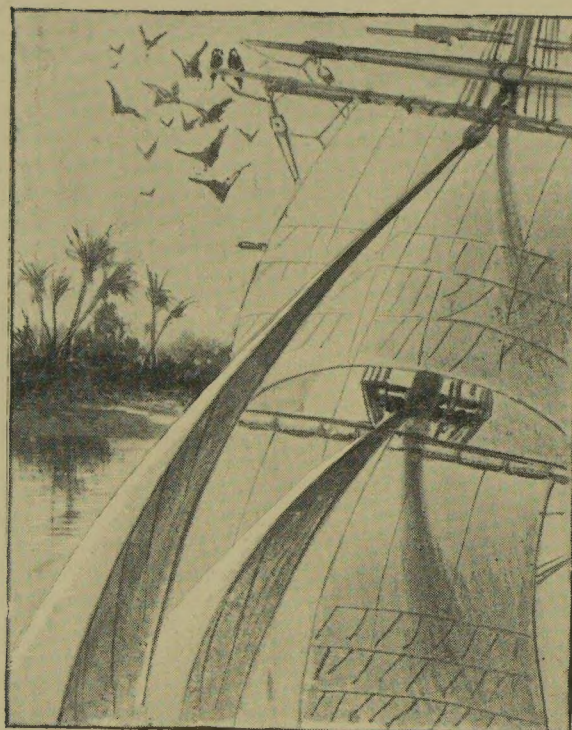
Photo Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street.  
THE LATE CAPTAIN EDMUND PARK-YATES.





SCENES IN ASHANTI AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF COOMASSIE BY THE BRITISH TROOPS.  
Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.





# A FIRST FLEET FAMILY.

by Louis Becke.

A Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures,  
Compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew, of the Marines.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### I ARRIVE IN ENGLAND.

This was Mary Bryant's story, and it is told to you almost in her own words. Her petition that her infant daughter might be saved from the prison taint that she knew was awaiting her was altered before this statement was handed to the home authorities, for the child Charlotte died at sea on the sixth of May, and we consigned her tiny form to the deep.

From that day we saw little of Mary, who was too ill even to come upon deck and take the fresh air. The remainder of the voyage was without interest, and the *Gorgon* arrived at Chatham on June the nineteenth, 1792, and once more I was back in my native land.

'Twas a sad sight to us to see the prisoners passed over the side of the ship on that memorable day of our arrival. First there were the miserable persons who had taken part in the mutiny of the *Bounty*, most of them, as they left the ship, never hoping for a moment that anything but death awaited them; though, I am glad to say, young Heywood, the youngest of them all, escaped, and afterwards served with great distinction on a King's ship.

Then the survivors of the Bryant party were taken in charge by the Bow Street officers, to be conveyed to London. Mary gave one look behind at the Marines, who were drawn up on the quarter-deck for inspection before disembarking.

She caught sight of Lieutenant Fairfax and myself, and waved to us a sad farewell; and though the discipline of the Service is very strict, I could not help waving my hand from where I stood, on the right flank of my company, and as I did so I saw Major Ross look at me and wonder why so steady a man could so far forget himself as to signal to a convict in the ranks. But he said nothing, this being so great an occasion, and perhaps he had caught sight of the Lieutenant, who so far forgot himself as to lower the point of his sword ever so little, but still enough for Mary to see that he intended this signal of farewell for her.

As soon as we were landed, we were marched off to the dépôt at Chatham; and after a few days, we who returned from Port Jackson were granted a long furlough, and joyously departed for our homes.

Lieutenant Fairfax sent for me the last thing before I left, and said he—

"Now, Dew, I cannot, I am sorry to say, return with you by the coach to Portsmouth; but remember this, when you get back to dear old Solcombe—that is, if you've a mind to it, and have had enough of the Service—when I leave London it will be for good, and I will bring with me your discharge."

I was overjoyed to hear my good patron had not forgotten his promise, and I thanked him heartily.

"Tell my sister when you give her this letter," went on the Lieutenant, handing me a bulky package, "that I am going to remain in London until I can get clear of the Service, and while I am there I shall leave no stone unturned to soften the lot of her former maid, Mary Bryant." Here he turned his face away from me for a moment. "Now be off with you and get all in readiness to turn farmer, for there is no more pipeclay for either of us."

When I reached Portsmouth in the coach, I purchased a newspaper to take over to my father at the island. For I had seen by the advertisement outside of the printing-house, as we drove up in the coach, that it contained a publication which the printers entitled "Strange Story of an Escape from Botany Bay."

So I bought a copy of the *Hampshire Chronicle and Portsmouth and Chichester Journal*, and there I read with

much emotion a full account of Mary's appearance at Bow Street Police Court, in London.

It set forth that on Saturday last, which was the fifteenth of July, Sir Sampson's Wright's officers brought up at the police court five prisoners from his Majesty's frigate *Gorgon*, and then, with many errors such as newspapers so often contain, it related the story of the Bryants' escape. The person who reported the matter wrote: "It was remarked by everyone present, and by the magistrate, that they never saw people who bore stronger marks of a sincere repentance, and all joined in the wish that their past sufferings may be considered as a sufficient expiation of their crimes. They all declared that they would sooner suffer

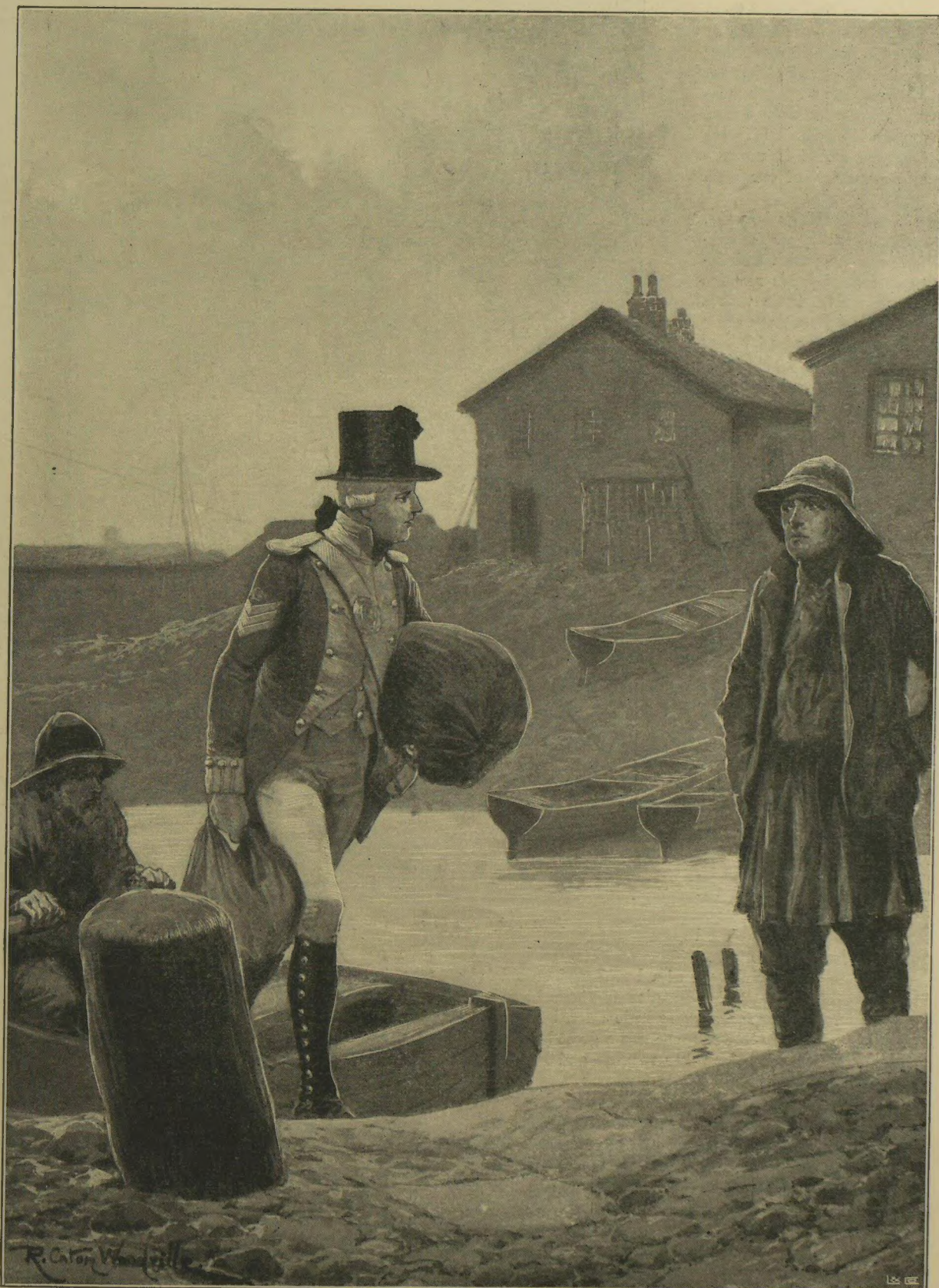
death than return to Botany Bay. They were committed to Newgate."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### AFFAIRS AT SOLCOMBE.

Before I left Chatham I had received a letter from your Aunt Dorothy, telling me that she had been wedded to that honest yeoman, your Uncle John, just about the time that we were leaving the Cape of Good Hope in the *Gorgon*.

She had tried to persuade her husband to postpone the happy event until my return to England, that I might dance at the wedding, but he would not listen to this;



"I say, you soldier, ain't you young Sergeant Dew from Botany Bay?"



"for," said he, "the *Gorgon* took long enough getting to Botany Bay to fetch your brother, and if we wait until she returns with him we may be too old for thoughts of marriage before he gets to England"; and, indeed, he spoke most sensibly.

And so they were married, and your aunt went away to live at her new home on the other side of the island, and my father was left to the care of the woman who helped in the household.

Alas! my home-coming was not so joyful as I had anticipated, for, when I landed on Ryde beach from the Portsmouth wherry, a waterman, who was lounging about, came up to me and said—

"I say, you soldier, ain't you young Sergeant Dew from Botany Bay?"

"I am that man," I answered.

"Well," said he, "you don't remember me, but I am a near neighbour of yours over by Solcombe, and they are looking forward anxiously for you to come back. Your old father is very ill, and I am afraid you won't see him alive."

And so, on hearing this sad news, I hastened away, and getting into a farmer's cart that was going that way, without waiting for the carrier, I got as far as Newport, and from there walked to my home.

Sure enough, I found your aunt and uncle and the doctor, and all of them around the bedside of my father, who, after recovering consciousness and giving me his blessing and forgiveness for all the anxiety I had caused him, closed his eyes for ever and left me the lonely master of our little farm.

I did all things decently, and buried your grandfather in the parish churchyard, following his remains in my scarlet tunic with a crape band round my arm; the neighbours, who followed from the country-side for a long way round, all staring at me, and some of them, no doubt, pointing me out as an example of a young man who had been a rolling stone. Miss Charlotte Fairfax sent her chaise to follow at the funeral, and I felt the honour very much.

I had sent her brother's letter to her with my best respects, and told her of my father's illness, and that, as soon as I could leave him, I would present my duty, and begged to be granted an interview.

She very graciously replied that I was to suit my own time and convenience, and now that all was over, I resolved to call upon her.

Accordingly, one day I walked over to the Manor, and was shown into the drawing-room.

Miss Fairfax lived all alone, managing the estate for her brother, with the aid of a bailiff, and an old lady lived with her as a sort of companion and housekeeper.

I found Mary's mistress very little altered in appearance, and, as I have told you, she was a great beauty; but she was much sobered in her manner and had the air and conversation of a much older woman.

She was very gracious to me, and addressed me as Mr. Dew. After her first greeting, said she: "But, Mr. Dew, why do you appear thus in your uniform? It becomes you mightily, but, goodness me! we are not at war in the island, Heaven be thanked."

"If you please, Miss Fairfax," I answered, "the humbler ranks of the military and the Marines also are allowed no other dress; and, indeed, Madam, I have no other clothes but these."

"Ah, then," and she smiled most prettily, "you have not heard from my brother. He tells me, Mr. Dew, in a letter which was delivered to me only to-day, that he

himself is now released from the King's service, and he has also procured your discharge from the Marines."

I was mightily pleased to hear this, as you may be sure, and so I said, and expressed my gratitude.

Then Miss Fairfax, who seemed to grow more beautiful every minute, requested me to tell her of the strange adventures of the Bryants; and so I told their story as you have heard it, and her eyes filled with tears, and then the tender-hearted lady turned her face from me and wept softly to herself a while.

When she had recovered herself and dried her pretty eyes, she was so condescending as to make me stay and

sister a helping hand with the Solcombe estate, as she, being a lone woman dependent upon a bailiff, would be glad of my advice. Of course, I was proud and pleased at this commission, and in consequence of it I was very often at the Manor, and Miss Fairfax was so good as to make much use of me; and, indeed, treated me as if I had been in all ways her equal.

Two or three months passed like this, and then we had a flying visit from Mr. Fairfax. Miss Charlotte had reproached him for not coming to see her, and he took coach and boat, and came down to the island quite unexpectedly. After a few hours spent with his sister, he was so good as to walk over to my farm.

I thanked him very heartily for remembering his old servant in the way he had done, and enabling me to settle down and become a respected man again. In reply to my words, he said—

"Now, Dew, once for all, let us drop this master and servant business. I have become an extreme Whig, and hope to sit for the island yet as such. I believe all men and women are equal, so far as position goes: it is honesty, and that alone, which should rank us; and now that both of us have left the Service, let us drop it. I think you are as good a man as I am, and Mary Bryant is as good a woman as my sister is. What do you think of that now?"

This shocked me very much, and so I ventured on the liberty of saying that such sentiments did more honour to his heart than to his head. "Why, Sir," said I, "it is bad enough to make the servant equal to the master, but to compare Miss Fairfax with her maid—a convicted—"

"That will do, Dew," he replied, in the old way, "let me hear no more of such talk. I am afraid you will always be a fool in some ways."

Then he went on to tell me that he had taken up his residence, for a time at least, in London, and he was working hard to obtain Mary's release, and hoped to do so before very long. Meanwhile I was to look well after his sister and help her all I could. "For, look you, Dew," said he, "she will want all your assistance, because I don't like farming, and will have nothing to do with it, and so I have told her."

"This will make her very unhappy," said I, "for, to be sure, she must have looked forward to your home-coming, to take your place among the island gentry."

"Oh, no, she is quite happy, and likes the idea of having you about to advise her. Good-bye," and with a hearty hand-shake my old master walked off, leaving me somewhat dazed at the strange sentiments he had expressed.

A few weeks after this I got a copy of the Portsmouth paper, and in it I read that all the prisoners, except Mary Bryant and Butcher, had been sent to complete their sentences, but Mary Bryant's case was still under consideration. The following letter was also published in this paper from Butcher—

"JOHN BUTCHER to the Right Hon. HENRY DUNDAS.

"Newgate, 23rd January, 1793.

"May it Please Your Honour,—It ill becomes a person in the low sphere I move in to address a person of your exalted character, nor should I have presumed to take the liberty but for the following reason. Having been brought up in the thorough knowledge of all kinds of land, and capable of bringing indifferent land to perfection, I had an offer some time ago to go to Potany Bay, to endeavour to make that land more fertile than it has ever appeared to be. I submit the following list to your Honour's perusal of what is necessary seed, and what has been tried and found not to answer the expectations formed of them: Two sorts of English wheat; barley, rye and beans, one sort; grass is a good production, as likewise Indian corn; and some of the land will



Miss Fairfax, who seemed to grow more beautiful every minute, requested me to tell her of the strange adventures of the Bryants.

take tea with her and her old lady companion in the drawing-room; and I felt myself a very high and important person, I can tell you, as I walked away home to begin life as a tenant farmer on my small estate, and one of the principal persons in our neighbourhood.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. FAIRFAX PAYS A FLYING VISIT, AND JOHN BUTCHER SENDS IN A PETITION.

You may depend upon it that I was well pleased, on getting back to my farm, to receive a letter from my old master enclosing in it my formal discharge from the Service. In this letter he told me that he was working hard to obtain mercy for poor Mary and the unhappy survivors of the boat voyage. He also wrote that he would not be back in Solcombe for some time to come, as he had many things to attend to in London. Then he asked me to give his



produce tobacco, and all sorts of garden stuff, with proper instructions. But, according to the manner in which they till the ground at present, they will bring nothing to perfection, owing to the different sorts of land in the island, which they are entirely ignorant of; and I flatter myself, from what I have seen of the island, that I could render it a great deal more productive, and, in a few years, could save the Government a great expense in provisions for the colony.

"Although I have suffered a great deal in going and coming from Botany Bay, yet I am willing to go back again on proper terms, as I am certain I can be of very great service to the island in what I profess, and if your Honour should think me worthy of the situation, I am willing to place myself, and I will be bound to perform everything I undertake, or expect nothing for my trouble. I should be humbly thankful to your Honour if you would condescend to indulge me with an answer, that I may know what I am to expect; you will give great ease to the anxious mind of, hon. sir, your humble servant,"

JOHN BUTCHER."

I may as well dispose of Butcher at once, by telling you that the petition of this man was granted, and he was allowed to enlist in the New South Wales Regiment, and was sent back to the settlement. He was, in September 1795, granted twenty-five acres of land in the Petersham district near Sydney, and became a flourishing settler.

(To be concluded in our Next.)

#### BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Sir Nicholas Roderick O'Connor, K.C.B., British Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Russian Court, has, with the Queen's approval, been appointed a member of her Majesty's Privy Council and a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Sir Nicholas has deserved well of his country in several important appointments since he first entered the diplomatic service. His early experiences were gained at political centres of such varied character as Berlin, the Hague, Madrid, Washington, Brazil, and Paris. He was Secretary of Legation at Peking from 1883 to 1885, during the Franco-Chinese troubles, and subsequently held the same important office at Washington for two years. He was British Agent and Consul-General in Bulgaria during the first five eventful years which followed Prince Ferdinand's accession to the throne in 1887, and from 1892 to 1895 was British Minister at Peking, his period of office extending over the complications caused by the recent war between China and Japan, and the massacre of English missionaries in Chinese territory. Since the end of last year he has taken up his duties as her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Sir Nicholas, who is fifty-two years old, is the son of Mr. Patrick O'Connor, of Dundermott, County Roscommon, and married a daughter of the late Mr. James Hope-Scott, Q.C., who was a grandson of the second Earl of Hopetoun, and married the eldest daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk.

In our last issue we gave illustrations of some of the chief spoils of Ashanti which had been deposited at the Colonial Office. Other interesting trophies, brought home by the West Yorkshire Regiment, have since been exhibited at Dover, among them being King Prempeh's throne, which is covered with what is said to be human skin, and ornamented with brass knobs; and the bed in which Prempeh spent his last night before the British entry into Coomassie. A sacrificial stool, darkly stained with human blood, has been brought back by Captain Bernard, together with an elaborate set of instruments of torture used in the horrible rites of Ashanti. Oddly enough, two envelopes stamped with the words, "On His Majesty's Service," were found in the royal palace. They are supposed to be relics of a British expedition made in the reign of George IV., under the administration of Governor McLean, who was killed and eaten by natives of Ashanti.

The daring expedition to the North Pole in a balloon, projected by Dr. S. A. Andr  e, the Swedish scientist and aeronaut, is arousing considerable interest. The Swedish Minister at Winnipeg has, on behalf of the King of Sweden and Norway, desired the Hudson's Bay Company to spread tidings of the venture among the scattered Indian and Eskimo populations of their territory, in order that they may be prepared for the sudden appearance of the explorer, and afford him any help that he may need. Elaborate instructions have accordingly been dispatched far and wide.

The fifth exhibition of tackle and other accessories of the sport of fishing was opened on March 12 at the Royal Aquarium, and proved to be by far the most representative of the series as yet seen. The latest improvements in rods, flies, and the various other accoutrements of the complete angler are displayed, and a number of different types of electric launches, sailing-boats, and canoes add to the interest of the exhibition for those visitors who are not expert disciples of Master Izaak Walton. A prominent feature is a tank arranged to form a miniature haunt of trout, with which it is stocked. Here the natural life of the trout may be minutely studied.

#### FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The cheap edition of the Life of Mr. Sala is the first I have seen, who come a late student to that very good-humoured book. I am old enough to remember (with pleasure) the beginnings of the *Cornhill* and Mr. Sala's discursive essays on Hogarth, and the novel of "Philip" (who was very like my house-master in Fred Walker's illustrations). The *Cornhill* was a great delight to a school-boy of letters, especially the "Roundabout Papers." Mr. Sala says he invented Dr. Johnson's "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street"; but, if the Doctor did not say that, he said something very like it in defending town against country.

To *Temple Bar* I sent from St. Andrews, as a boy, my first contribution to periodical literature. Of course it was a poem—really a scene from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" done into rhyme. Verses come back into my head as I write, and of course they all came back from *Temple Bar* with a note from Mr. Yates, the sub-editor. I knew Mr. Yates's name by reason of the Garrick Club quarrel with Mr. Thackeray, which fell out when I was at school, and I was not on Mr. Yates's side: very much the reverse. I never tried to contribute to *Temple Bar* again, except in the shape of another rhyme, "Ballade of Sleep," which

was, in fact, married in 1430, not in 1431; it was so, for all that, and the town of Tours gave the wedding-breakfast.

Mr. Sala's class-list of living poets is a cheerful thing—

Mr. Swinburne.

(Here the court is quite with him)

Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Poet Laureate.

Sir Lewis Morris.

Mr. William Morris.

The rest nowhere; and, indeed, some of them have no business in the company selected by Mr. Sala. Nothing shall tempt me to give my own class-list. Much knowledge died with Mr. Sala, or survives in his wonderfully kept commonplace-books. He knew an old song, which I neglected to ask him to write out. It was of the highest importance in the history of ballads, but of that he did not seem to be aware. And now one does not know where to turn for the song. He tells anecdotes about his own nose; the best, I think, he does not tell. It turned on two circumstances: first, he was very short-sighted; next, he used blue ink. Perhaps the ingenuity of the reader can supply the rest of the tragedy. He always appeared to me to overestimate his own library as a collection of books. But we did not collect the same things. "He was a fine true-hearted man," as Scott said (*in  dit!*) of Croker, for whom few say a good word. But nobody who knew "G.A.S.," I am sure, could say a word that was not good of him and his kind, honest memory.

People talk of a trade union of authors and another of publishers. Bosh! it is nothing! Authors would write whether they were paid or not; artisans are not so fond of their labours. The overwhelming majority of British novelists are never paid one penny. Their books are written by them but not published by anybody, except, if they be very foolish novelists, at their own expense. As to poets, even babies know that this is their case. The real use of the Authors' Society, I suspect, is to keep very incompetent persons from being authors. As for the gentlemen with grievances, they not infrequently express their sense of their woes in very dubious grammar, or so it has seemed to me. Perhaps this accounts for their want of success; though, taken alone, bad grammar would not interfere with the popular favour.

Americans are still writing about the preference, fair or unfair, of their publishers for English authors. Of course by "authors" they mean novelists. It seems obvious that the publishers are not in fault. The public is the culprit: the publishers only give it what it prefers. "We want American authors badly, but we can't get them," a publisher said to a gentleman who writes in the *Critic*. Is not this lack of American authors a curious, inexplicable phenomenon? In Prescott, Cooper, Washington Irving, Longfellow, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, America had authors who not only delighted the States and England, but even influenced France. Now Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Howells, Mark Twain, Mr. James, are no longer

in their first youth; Parkman is dead; the author of "Ben Hur" has a popular rather than a critical success, and who are coming on? Who are the Conan Doyles, Anthony Hopes, and so forth of the Monroe continent? They do not seem to be much known in this effete old country or much in demand at home. Plenty of them must be doing their best, and I suspect that they are young men with æsthetic theories, *d  cadence*, and all the rest of the nonsense, rather than young men with a plain tale to tell and the knack of telling it. There is not much *d  cadence* in Mr. Kipling, nor does he brandish theories of art. Good men, like Wordsworth in poetry, have done this, but the best men do what they can in their own natural way, and abstain from theories. Theory is not the thing: we do not expect Douglas Rolland to understand the mathematics of long driving as expounded by Professor Tait; but Rolland is a long driver.

The French Naval Budget for the ensuing year provides for the maintenance in the active Mediterranean squadron of nine ironclads; two first-class, one second-class, and four third-class cruisers; five torpedo-boat destroyers, one torpedo gun-boat, and six first-class torpedo-boats. The reserve squadron for the Mediterranean will include three additional ironclads and eight smaller vessels.

In order to make a much-needed addition to the premises of the Charity Commissioners' Office at Gwydyr House, Whitehall, the Office of Works has been obliged to decide upon building over the adjoining garden which at present graces Whitehall with its wealth of flowering shrubs. The necessary loss of the garden is to be deplored.



SIR NICHOLAS O'CONNOR, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE RUSSIAN COURT.

the curious ("if any") may find in an old forgotten tome called "Ballades in Blue China." The editor did not even return it this time; but I still think he might have accepted the ditty.

Mr. Sala says that the *Saturday Review* was wont to attack him, and he to reply, and then burn his letter. But I think I did once "draw" Mr. Sala by an article in the *Saturday* of later days on "King Charles's Head." It dealt with the stock anecdotes and illustrations of various journalists, including my own; and my recollection is that Mr. Sala sent his letter to the editor—not a very amicable letter, as far as I went—and did not burn it. There was nothing to annoy him more than other people; but, if easily annoyed, he was placable. Once, in another serial, I was obliged to write an article about a theme of which I knew nothing, and cared less. I deliberately did it *   la Sala*—classical allusions, gorgeous adjectives, *tout le tremblement*. Then a critic—I think I know him—attacked my article as an insult to the English language; and when I told my editor that I had done it for fun, he did not enter into the spirit of the thing. Editors have no humour. Once I wrote an essay for the "Encyclop  dia Britannica," and later found an error of fact in it. I reviewed the volume of the "Encyclop  dia," and I pitched into Mr. Lang for airing his habitual inaccuracy in these solemn pages. I could not do less, as not many people would find out an error as to the number of Moli  re's house in a certain street. But the editor of the "Encyclop  dia Britannica" was vexed with me. I still do not know why. It would be amusing if a man could review his own books, because he usually discovers his errors as soon as they are past recall. No critic has told me that the heroine of my novel



## THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT JOHANNESBURG.

*From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.*

"One woe doth tread upon another's heels" might well have been the cry of the people of Johannesburg of late, for the early weeks of the present year will long be remembered in the Transvaal for the rapid sequence of their tragic events. The ferment caused by Dr. Jameson's disastrous expedition was still very far from allayed, and the railway accident was not yet a thing of the past, when, on Feb. 19, there occurred the terrible dynamite explosion which counted the killed and wounded of its victims by hundreds and rendered thousands of the poorer inhabitants of Johannesburg homeless. The catastrophe has already been briefly recorded in our pages; but this week we are able to give illustrations of some of the scenes of ruin and desolation which met the eye at every turn for days after the accident.

Vredendorp, the site of the disaster, is a poor and overcrowded suburb on the south-west of Johannesburg, lying between Fordburg and Braatfontein, and populated chiefly by Malays, Kaffirs, Chinamen, and the poorest class of Europeans. This suburb, which is very generally known in the district as "the Malay Camp," is one of the most squalid and unsanitary areas of human habitations to be found in the Transvaal, its occupants being too poor to build houses of any material more substantial than mud, old packing-cases, and corrugated iron; while its low situation, among surrounding hills, makes it little better than a swamp in the wet season. In all probability, the escape of the principal part of Johannesburg with comparatively little damage was due to the soft, marshy nature of the ground on which the explosion occurred. Even as it was, all glass in the central part of the town was shattered, and many solid buildings were thrown down. Vredendorp itself was completely wrecked, and is now but an expanse of ruins.

The explosion took place at about half-past three on the afternoon of Ash Wednesday, Feb. 19. A number of railway trucks, laden with fifty-five tons of dynamite, destined to be used for mining and other operations, were being unloaded on the Netherlands Railway, together with trucks bearing ninety cases of detonators. The latter had not in the first instance been sent with the train bearing the dynamite, but had arrived later, some delay having occurred in the unloading of the dynamite. The whole freight had been standing in the glare of the sun for three days, and the process of unloading had just begun when the explosion took place. The dynamite had been imported in bulk and made up at Pretoria, and was on the way to a magazine near the town.

Such was the force of the explosion that it rent the



*Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, describes this scene as one of the many pathetic incidents connected with the explosion. He found the two children, brother and sister, gazing sadly at the ruins of their home, in which their father and mother had perished.*

earth open for a space of two hundred feet in length and thirty feet in depth. Pieces of the railway metals were twisted up like bits of straw, and others were buried deep in the débris. As soon as the first panic was sufficiently allayed to allow the realisation of what had happened large bands of men and women of all classes set to work to help the police to aid the victims. Until far into the night the work of excavation was vigorously carried on, fresh cases of death or terrible injury being disclosed at every turn. Within the next few hours some fifty corpses were taken into the buildings of the Wanderers' Athletic Club, temporarily transformed into a hospital and mortuary. The scene here was a horrible one. Mutilated trunks and scattered limbs were laid out for recognition, and severed portions that defied all

identification were gathered up into sacks for burial. Hundreds of injured persons were taken to the hospital during the evening, and when the limits of the building could accommodate no more of the patients who arrived in interminable succession, an infirmary was hastily improvised at the Wanderers' Club, as shown in one of our illustrations. The club buildings have since been provided with every comfort for the patients, and the medical and nursing attendance has been admirably organised.

All distinctions of class or nationality in Johannesburg have been merged in sympathy for the sufferers. The work of rescue and provision for the destitute and wounded has been carried on with fine unanimity and energy; £104,000 was subscribed for the relief fund in three days, and the sum has since been generously increased.



CONVEYING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED FROM THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT TO THE WANDERERS' CLUB.





THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT JOHANNESBURG: THE WANDERERS' CLUB TURNED INTO A HOSPITAL.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.*



## LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY'S  
"NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE."

BY DR. GARNETT, C.B.

The very difficult task of presenting a just, and, at the same time, a condensed, account of the opulent English literature of the nineteenth century could, we think, hardly have been better performed than it has been by Professor Saintsbury in his "History of Nineteenth Century Literature" (Macmillan and Co.) This is not to say that the book affords the best conceivable treatment of the subject, but the best in consideration of its special aim and scope. If Professor Saintsbury had written on a larger scale, his book might reasonably have been expected to have been more of a display of the mighty forces in the background that animated and controlled the writers of the time, and less of a critical catalogue of them and their works. Any such attempt, however, would have wrecked a volume which could only exist by the severest condensation compatible with avoiding aridity and meagreness. Mr. Saintsbury has been successful in combining brevity with interest. It is surprising how much he has managed to convey in few words, and how lively and attractive he has made his pages in spite of this compression. The latter success is in great measure owing to one of his distinguishing merits, his generous and glowing appreciation of excellence, whether or not in accordance with his own strongly accentuated political and religious opinions. Some few exceptions might possibly be adduced, but they are unimportant.

It is in general unprofitable to criticise criticism, for argument almost inevitably resolves itself into a dispute *de gustibus*. When, however, an error in criticism is the outcome of an intellectual tendency, something may be said. Mr. Saintsbury seems to us unjust to Byron and to George Eliot from a too exclusive attention to literary finish, and a disposition to underrate force of passion and force of intellect. Byron's case is so well put in Matthew Arnold's memorable verses that it is needless to say more. George Eliot is in her way as unique a phenomenon among female writers as Sappho, and even as a novelist is far greater than Mr. Saintsbury allows. We admit the defects of "Daniel Deronda," but in comparison with the astonishing feat of thoroughly reconciling us to the selfish and almost repulsive Gwendolen of the first chapters, without any departure from truth or nature, they are hardly worth naming. We are also surprised that Mr. Saintsbury apparently perceives no difference between the general mediocrity of George Eliot's attempts in verse and "The Legend of Jubal," which would honour any poet. His portrait of Carlyle, moreover, though finely coloured, is out of perspective from his inability to see anything more than "a wild book" in "Sartor Resartus," the essence and quintessence of the man. With these exceptions Mr. Saintsbury does not seem to us to have been unjust to any writer of genius, and many are his debtors for noble praise. Smaller personages have often to put up with the hard fate of not being mentioned at all, which would not have befallen them if they had lived in the eighteenth century; but here the wonder is that the historian of so rich a period has found room for so many names as he has. Something more might have been done had he not made Mr. Ruskin the one exception to his rule of omitting contemporary writers. The perpetual accompaniment of apology might then have been less necessary, and places might have been found for Edward Gibbon Wakefield, a model of homely energy, half-way between Cobden and Cobbett, and for Fonblanque, a master of caustic irony. Mrs. Radcliffe's great significance as the introducer of landscape into romance might have received due attention; and William Barnes might have had the extended notice which he deserves as the one English example of classic finish in a provincial dialect; Wolfe's lines to Mary might have been named along with his more famous "Burial of Sir John Moore," to which they are fully equal; and mention might have been made of George Darley's unparalleled exploit of producing a poem which found admission into the *Golden Treasury* as a lyric of the seventeenth century. But these are comparative trifles which in no way affect the character Professor Saintsbury's book so well merits as fascinating reading and admirable criticism, most generous in feeling, excellently adapted to confirm and diffuse a healthy taste in literature. Professor Saintsbury's remarks in his concluding chapter on the general tendencies of nineteenth century literature, and the causes which have influenced and are influencing its development, are especially worthy of attention.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

*An Ambassador of the Vanquished.* Viscount Elie de Gontaut-Biron's Mission to Berlin, 1871-1877. From his Diaries and Memoranda. By the Duke de Broglie. Translated, with Notes, by Albert D. Vandam. (William Heinemann.)—M. de Gontaut, fortunately for France, was her Ambassador at Berlin during those critical months when Germany realised that she had "scotched the snake, not killed it." Alarmed by the miraculously quick and complete recovery of France, the German War Department was eager for some wolf-and-lamb pretext to put the enemy *hors de combat* for a generation at least; and this Bismarck found in the Bill for the increase from three to four of the number of battalions of which each French infantry regiment was to consist. As the number of companies forming a battalion were to be reduced simultaneously from six to four, the result of the two modifications was really a decrease in the strength of the fighting unit. Nevertheless Bismarck would have made this Bill a *casus belli* but for the vigilance of M. de Gontaut, which secured—only in time—the peaceful intervention of the Czar. For this intervention Alexander had to pay the price of a war with Turkey, brought about by Bismarck with the object of keeping the Czar too busy in the East to meddle again with German projects in the West. Such are the glimpses you get in this interesting if not edifying volume of the behind-the-scenes of diplomacy. Of M. de Gontaut himself, however, it is but fair

to say that Wotton's definition of an ambassador—"An honest man sent to lie abroad for his country"—fits him so little that his very truthfulness baffled his wily adversary, as daylight bewilders an owl. It is a pity that a book of such interest should have been translated so clumsily and even, in passages, barbarously. Herr von Arnim, "whose dissimulations with Bismarck," we are told, "were becoming public," is described as "complaining of the severe appreciations enumerated in the course of the Bazarine trial with regard to the conduct of the Prussian generals during the war."

*St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen.* By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Humanity, Aberdeen. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—Professor Ramsay's new book may be described as mainly a detailed analytical commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, especially as regards the sayings and doings of St. Paul. Much of the value of the work lies in its careful and sympathetic estimate of St. Luke as an historian and biographer, and in remarks on words, phrased in the Acts, the significance of which, as the Professor interprets them, may easily be, and he thinks had been, overlooked. Biblical students will in this way, and, indeed, in other ways, find in the volume a good deal that is very suggestive.

The first volume of the Fordham edition of *Poe's Works* (Routledge) has an introduction and a memoir by Mr. R. H. Stodard. Mr. Stodard was personally acquainted with Poe, of whom he tells an amusing anecdote. Some time in the 'forties young Stodard sent a poem, called an "Ode to a Grecian Urn," to a periodical which Poe was editing. The ode did not appear, and the author called on the editor, who promised to publish the poem in the next number. This promise was not kept; but an editorial notice stated that the ode could not be published without an assurance of its "authenticity." When Mr. Stodard again waited on Poe with a remonstrance, he was told that if he did not take himself off he would be thrashed on the spot! This reminiscence has not, of course, affected Mr. Stodard's judgment of Poe's genius; but he is a very tepid admirer. What is the meaning of the statement that it is Poe's "glory and misfortune" to be "unique"? Mr. Stodard shows a complete misapprehension of Poe's position in literature when he suggests that the imaginative method which produced "The Fall of the House of Usher" has been eclipsed by Wilkie Collins and Bozobey, with neither of whom has literature any concern.

*The Memoirs of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Bart.* (Lawrence and Bullen), are well described by the author as a "literary steeplechase." The phrase holds good even when Sir Claude is ballooning, for he seems to skip over planets as if they were hurdles. The book is full of entertaining matter; but perhaps the best idea of the hero of these manifold adventures is given in the preface by the Duke of Beaufort, who describes how Sir Claude, in evening dress, set out on a muddy road in search of a belated flyman. This worthy, a well-known local bully, "cheeked" his fare, who there and then thrashed him till he begged for mercy. "I mention this," adds the Duke, with noble simplicity, "to show the sort of man Sir Claude is."

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has written the story of *The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington* (Downey and Co.) with the aid of some new material in the shape of letters to Lady Blessington from Dickens, Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, Landor, Macready, and Marryat. It is needless to say that Mr. Molloy is a warm admirer of the brilliant Irishwoman who played so remarkable a part in the literary and social history of the early Victorian era. He has described her career with sympathy and justice. Lady Blessington's books are not read now, except the "Conversations with Lord Byron," a really remarkable monument of feminine insight. As for her character, most people agree with Mr. Molloy that, in spite of errors and follies, it deserved the respect undoubtedly accorded by some of the most estimable of her contemporaries.

Sir Arthur Otway has edited the *Autobiography and Journal of Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, G.C.B.*, who enjoyed a high reputation both as a sailor and an administrator. Lord Clarence Paget was a sort of prototype of Lord Charles Beresford, and should that intrepid officer ever hold the post of Secretary of the Admiralty, it might be said of him as Disraeli said on one occasion in the House of Commons of Lord Clarence: "It is difficult to discuss matters with the noble lord, or to obtain information from him, because he does not answer our questions, but hitches his breeches and tells us he is a plain seafaring man." The "Autobiography" is very agreeably written, and the reminiscences of the Crimea are particularly interesting.

That Mr. F. C. Gould's pencil does not range exclusively in the atmosphere of political satire is shown by *Cock Robin and Other Stories*, reprinted from the *Westminster Budget* and the *Pall Mall Budget*. Mr. Gould has a happy fantasy with the pen, and he has described the trial of Jack Sparrow for the murder of Cock Robin, a prosperous citizen in a red waistcoat, and the adventures of various animals and insects, with agreeable humour. The drawings are very quaint, especially the pictures of the birds in the trial.

The citizen who has a yearning to go duck-shooting like Grover Cleveland will gather much useful instruction from Mr. Henry Sharp's *Practical Wild-Fowling*. (L. Upcott Gill.) There are multifarious hints about guns, ammunition, punts, boats, decoys, dress, and about the habits of the birds, whose personal appearance is depicted in many excellent drawings. So thorough is Mr. Sharp's manual that the ducks are likely to follow the example of the American opossum who said, "Don't shoot, Colonel, I'll come down."

There is no end to the "libraries" of short stories. Mr. John Lane has started a series called the "Pierrot Library," from the title of the first tale, which is contributed by Mr. H. de Vere Staepoole. Pierrot is a young gentleman of a good French family, who, when his father is at

the wars, slips into Paris and enjoys himself at the Opera ball. The incident is like the opening of Daudet's "Sapho," with a difference; for Pierrot does not care for the sophisticated little lady who takes a violent fancy to him. Moreover, he is overshadowed by a family ghost, eventually incarnated in the person of a young German officer, who slays Pierrot's father in battle, and turns out to be a girl. It is a curiously fantastic and pathetic little tale, written with much grace and charm.

*Taflet.* The Narrative of a Journey of Exploration in the Atlas Mountains and the Oases of the North-Western Sahara. With Illustrations. By W. B. Harris. (William Blackwood and Sons.)—Mr. Harris, both as artist and narrator, is well known to our readers, the originals of some of the illustrations to this book having appeared in our pages. We read it with added knowledge of the strange, half-barbaric country which fronts the older civilisations on whose past the Moor has left his impress. Of him and of the ruthless tribes surging round him, of the life of the desert, the oasis, and the city, we have a series of vivid pictures and enough of personal adventure to entertain the reader. The story of the Sultan's death and the artifices used to conceal the fact, already told by Mr. Harris in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is reprinted herein.

When a schoolboy, his parents being in India, is invited to spend the summer vacation at his aunt's house, in the company of two young cousins, the most guileless novel-reader knows that the result will be pranks and forgiveness. But a country home where a pet dog talks with a visitor suggests adventures and excitement which are outside the experience of even children in holiday-time. The talkative animal in question is Tip, a dachshund, who inspired the lines—

Oh, the world may mock and the Pharisee start  
And the moralist preach at will!  
There's a tender place in a tired heart  
That only a Dachs can fill!

When at their first meeting Donald, the schoolboy, says "Hullo!" to him in a casual friendly way, the dachshund replies "All right; give a chap time to get his breath after that walk." That may be just the sort of way that a dachshund would address a boy, and yet, somehow, the remark does not seem to carry conviction. In fact, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the author of *The Brown Ambassador* (Macmillan and Co.) is happier when she is describing simpler themes—the holiday life of two delightful little schoolgirls, Fenella and Constance, with Donald, the dachshund's confidant. A good story runs through "The Brown Ambassador," and grown-up people appear only in that shadowy, purposeless way proper to children's books.

*An Artist in the Himalayas.* By A. D. McCormick. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—This book is a sort of aftermath following Sir W. M. Conway's story of his expedition to the great mountain ramparts of Northern India. Mr. McCormick very fully illustrated that volume, and in the present work he reproduces slight sketches of incidents and scenes which struck him during the journey. To these he adds a running commentary of pleasant, and, to those whose fortune it has not been to see the "storied East," edifying, gossip. To him, as to all who have been there, the Orient "is a revelation both of humanity and nature."

While the often quaint and humour-lacking (for humour and pathos are allies) qualities of epitaphs have invited many collectors and publishers, the common headstone itself, on which the doggerel verse is inscribed, has been neglected. And yet, as shown by Mr. Vincent's bright and brisk little book, *In Search of Gravestones Old and Curious* (Mitchell and Hughes, Wardour Street), there is a mass of material which illustrates the evolution—sometimes the degradation—of the stonemason's art. But these grinning skulls, these smirking cherubs, and all the apparatus of cross-bones, hour-glasses, and coffins, ill compare with the winsome figures which grace the funeral urns and tombs of classic lands. Rarely do they rise above the level of the homely epitaph.

*In Memory of Robert Burns.* Selected Poems and Songs. With an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. (Marcus Ward and Co., Limited.)—A not inadequate memorial to "the most popular great poet in the world"—to quote Mr. Le Gallienne—since the two dozen poems he has selected are fairly representative, while his introduction is sympathetic. As it is not possible to say anything new of Robert Burns, his editors are fain to say old things in a new way; and here Mr. Le Gallienne is more original than most of his predecessors. It is odd, by the way, that the poem he quotes in his introduction as distinctively Burns-like—"For a' that and a' that"—should owe one of its ideas to Goldsmith—

Princes and lords may flourish and may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made—

and the other to Wycherley: "I weigh the man, not his title. 'Tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better." No one, however, will dispute Mr. Le Gallienne's own claim to the comparison of Shakspeare to "an established Church, a noble superstition." This little book is prettily got up, and adorned with a fine portrait of Burns, from Nasmyth's picture, and four other interesting plates.

*The Atheist's Mass, and Other Stories.* is the new volume of the translated Balzac (Dent and Co.) Some readers may differ from Mr. Saintsbury's estimate of these tales, to which he seems inclined to assign a high place. Balzac was scarcely a master of the short story, and "The Atheist's Mass" is far from his characteristic mood and method. Mr. Saintsbury regards it as a personal confession of religious opinions, the Atheist in question being a great surgeon who secretly goes to Mass for the sake of an old friend who had rendered him a great service. This does not explain much; but Mr. Saintsbury may have forgotten a more explicit statement of Balzac's philosophy in one of his prefaces. The duty of literature, he said, was to sustain religion and the Bourbon dynasty, a combination which does not indicate what might be called deep religious conviction.



## AT THE TOMB OF SWIFT.

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

Scott expressed what is at least a fact for the imagination when he named the Cathedral of St. Patrick, Dublin, the tomb of Swift. The bodies of other illustrious dead lie within its walls, but the memory of the Dean dominates his own precincts. Of all the words inscribed on brass or marble we remember only those in which he asserted his dignity as a champion of freedom and at the same time confessed the cruel anguish of his life: "Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit. Abi viator, et imitare, si poteris, strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicatorem." Swift's wrath against the world, and Swift's desire to render service to that world from which he had revolted, form one of the paradoxes of his life, and in the words by which he desired to be held in memory he places both elements of the paradox on record.

As we think of Swift, while standing within the territory over which he ruled, our minds are beset with recollections of his public work as an Irish patriot, and recollections of his private life in its intimate relations with her whose bones are here mingled with his own. When, in 1713, he was appointed to the Deanery, which he accepted as an unworthy reward that was half an insult, Swift's period of power in English politics had almost reached its close. The downfall of the Tories was soon complete. The literary gladiator of the party withdrew from the great arena; but Swift was not made for tranquillity and retirement. In a smaller arena he could at least be the central figure; he could still deliver an attack in flank, if not in front, upon the new Whig Government. There were grievous wrongs in the country of his birth which needed a spokesman.

posts of emolument for English place-hunters; it had crowded the Irish pension list with the names of creatures who demanded the reward of baseness. Swift did well to be angry. "Whoever travels this country," he wrote, "and observes the face of nature, or the faces and habits and dwellings of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where law, religion, or common humanity is professed." Retaliation seemed to Swift at least one degree better than passive despair. He would have all English imports, could his will be law, burnt, except the people and the coals. When the scandalous job of Wood's copper coinage was in prospect his opportunity came. The "Drapier's Letters" have been described as the most Demosthenic composition since Demosthenes; and assuredly they are Demosthenic in the sense that every word in the letters tends to action. They waste no syllable in the rhetoric of display; every sentence means a deed. The Irish people reward the oratory of eloquent periods with their plaudits, and such oratory they have in superabundance. What startles them as novel, and what controls them with a sense of power, is the plain and close-knit speech which



THE TOMB OF SWIFT IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.  
Bust of Swift on the left; Tablet to Stella on the right.

Photo Lafayette.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

Photo Lafayette.

The country of his birth, indeed, was not the country of his affections, but he would now make it his own. Swift's pride and egotism, Swift's generosity, and his indignation against injustice alike served to convert him into the Irish patriot.

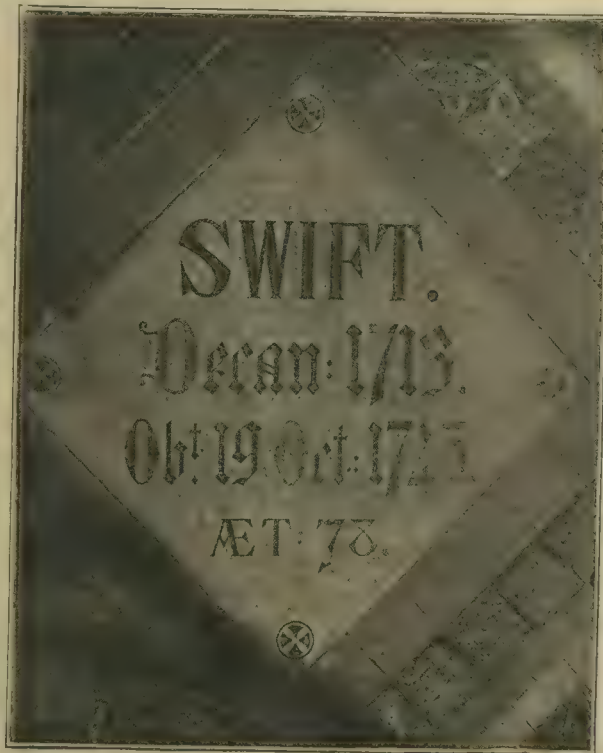
The old deanery, now replaced by a comparatively modern structure upon the same site, was not at first a lively abode. "You are to understand," he wrote to Pope, "that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages; and when I do not dine abroad or make an entertainment (which last is very rare) I eat a mutton-pie and drink half a pint of wine; my amusements are defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir." In his cathedral he established himself as an autocrat; but this was a petty world for such a passion of sway as that which possessed Swift. The wrongs of Ireland, although he did not love the Irish people, aroused his wrath against injustice, and with this wrath, in which there was something generous, mingled the personal pride and ambition of a displaced leader of men. That inordinate pride was even fed by a certain contempt for the rabble of the Hibernian Lilliput, whose champion he became.

Swift's Irish policy was in large measure a policy of resentment; but it cannot be said that the resentment was without sufficient warrant. The self-regard of England had hampered the cattle trade in Ireland; it had hindered commercial relations with the colonies; it had ruined the flourishing traffic in wool: it had reserved the chief public

as he wrote that cause enlarged its bearings. The financial job became a fulcrum by means of which he hoped to shake the political relations of the kingdom of England with the kingdom of Ireland.

The triumph over the Birmingham ironmaster and his patrons was complete; but the maladies of Ireland remained when the popular shouts fell silent. Five years later Swift put forth that piece of tragic irony, his "Modest Proposal," in which he recommended the sale of the infants of the poor as a delicious, nourishing, and wholesome butchers' meat, especially suitable for Irish landlords. The proposal, if adopted, would lessen the number of Papists; the poorer tenants would acquire the means of paying their rack-rents; it would add to the national wealth; it would bring great custom to taverns; it would create a new inducement to marriage. The young being thus happily disposed of, there was no need to consider the aged, who already were every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as could be reasonably expected. Other expedients for the remedy of Irish grievances had been suggested: the taxing of absentees, the use of Irish manufactures, the diminution of luxury, the promotion of industry, the quitting of feuds and factions, honesty in trade, a little mercy among landlords—these were things difficult and doubtful. What remained certain was that a hundred thousand infants might with advantage be devoured annually—whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled, and that they would serve equally in fricassees or ragouts. In his ironical counsel of despair there is a touch of the rage of Swift's darkening later years.

To die in Ireland was for Swift "to die like a poisoned rat in a hole." Death had deprived him of the chief consolation of his life—the love of Stella. From the window of the deanery he saw the flash of torchlights at her funeral by night, which he had felt himself unable to attend, and he retreated with his grief into another room. What was the precise nature of his relations with the woman who was dearest to him of all on earth will remain for ever in dispute; the endless "chatter about Stella" has left it doubtful whether Esther Johnson was or was not the secret wife of Swift; we only know that he loved her with whatever love he was capable of giving to a woman, and that the tomb of Swift is also Stella's tomb. With a morbid scorn of the natural conditions of humanity, and a loathing for its dearest incidents, he conceived the love of man and woman as in all essentials identical with the friendship of man for man, and in Stella he found a companion who, as far as was possible, made his ideal her own. Only thus could her influence over Swift be wholly an influence of attraction. When her rival Vanessa flung herself with passion at his feet, imploring for a return of passion, there was for a time a new kind of attraction which Swift had not previously experienced; but it was an attraction which alternated with a repulsion of equal force. While himself yielding more than it was just to yield, he held her ardour in check, and finally, in part through a sense that Stella's happiness was his supreme law, he thrust the unhappy woman from him, and added to his other sufferings some pangs of a stern remorse. Vanessa was a brilliant meteor that kindled in his atmosphere, and was extinguished; but Esther Johnson was the



THE TOMB OF SWIFT IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

Photo Lafayette.

steadfast pole-star of his heart. She babbled to no confidants; she left behind her no confessions. Her passion took the form of serving Swift in the way in which he most needed to be served. And in the silence which remains at the centre of all biographical gossip and speculation there is that highest of womanly virtues, a dignity that is inviolable.



# THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT JOHANNESBURG.

*From Photographs by Barnett, Johannesburg.*



EXTRICATING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.



SCENE IN THE SURGICAL WARD, JOHANNESBURG HOSPITAL, AFTER THE DISASTER.



PIT, 200 FT. LONG, 80 FT. WIDE, AND 30 FT. DEEP, MADE BY THE EXPLOSION.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION.



## THE CENTENARY OF FRANZ JOSEPH GALL THE PHRENOLOGIST.

Franz Joseph Gall, the founder of the science known as phrenology, was born at Tiefenbrunn on March 9, 1758. He carried on his medical studies at Strasburg and Vienna, and began to practise as a physician at the latter town in 1785. While at school Gall had been observant of the shape of the heads of his fellow-scholars, and had compared these differences of shape with the varieties of character in his school-fellows. One of the results of these observations was the opinion that persons with prominent eyes had retentive memories. Gall also thought he found a peculiarity of conformation in all boys who were good at finding birds' nests: this peculiarity was named the bump of locality. During the first years of his practice at Vienna Gall was able to investigate in a more thorough and scientific manner the questions which had interested him as a youth. He thought that his discoveries might be put to practical use, and that by a thorough examination of the skull it might be possible to foretell the future career of the child, and thus his education might be specially directed towards that pursuit in which he gave evidences of promise.

It was in March 1796 that Gall first began to lecture in Vienna on this special subject, and it is the centenary of this fact which those who still remain faithful to his teaching are commemorating this month. These lectures were exceedingly popular, and the doctrines propounded in them made a great sensation. Gall, like many others who have started off in new paths, was a victim to the *odium theologium*. In 1802 his lectures were stopped in Vienna by the Government on account of their supposed antagonism to religion. The whirligig of time has brought revenge for Gall's memory, as his faithful followers of the present day announced that the centenary was to be partly celebrated by sermons. The meetings of the centenary commenced on Sunday, March 8, and many metropolitan and provincial ministers co-operated in the commemoration by preaching phrenological sermons on that date. Sermons under three heads have long been familiar to church and chapel goers, but sermons on heads are undoubtedly somewhat of a novelty, and have proved a great attraction to the curious. Driven from Vienna by this religious intolerance, Gall lectured through many of the German towns on his phrenological theories. He was a lecturer of no mean capacity, and had the great art of so presenting his subject as to create enthusiasm amongst his audience. By these lectures his name became widely known, and in 1807 he settled down in Paris to practise the profession of medicine; this he did without any abatement of energy in propagating his new doctrines both by his pen and on the platform. Seven years later Gall became a naturalised French citizen; he died in 1828.

Associated with Gall in much of his early work was Gaspard Spurzheim, who was born at Trèves in 1776. Like Gall, he studied at Vienna, and left that city when his fellow-labourer started on his lecturing tour. Together they published two valuable books on the anatomy and physiology of the brain and nervous system. These works were not theory only, but the deductions in them were based on much careful observation and original work. If at the present day their theories are not accepted because they do not agree with modern scientific research, Gall and Spurzheim but share the lot of many other pioneers in different fields of labour. Had they not attempted to make phrenology square with their investigation, there is no doubt that their work on the nervous system would have taken a higher rank in the annals of science than is the case. Like Barnabas and Paul, and like many since who started their life's work together, Gall and Spurzheim could not agree, and each went his separate way. The latter settled in Great Britain, but ultimately died at Boston, U.S.A., in 1832.

It may be worth mentioning that the word "phrenology" is due to Spurzheim; in the quite early stages of making known the science it was called "cranioscopy." The two great exponents of phrenology in this country were the brothers Andrew and George Combe. The former was a pupil of Spurzheim in Paris; he made a special study of lunacy, and practised in that branch of his profession. His best-known work is "Physiology Applied to Health and Education"; but, like his masters, he marred his reputation as a physiologist by his advocacy of phrenology. George Combe was, later in life, rather a hindrance than a help to the advance of Gall's system. He published an "Essay on the Constitution of Man," which, on account of its materialistic tendencies, drove many members from the Phrenological Society in Edinburgh.

The main ideas of phrenology may be thus concisely stated: the brain as a whole is made up of distinct parts, each part being the organ of some special faculty. The power of a given faculty in any individual corresponds to the size and activity of the parts of the brain devoted to that faculty. It is also maintained by phrenologists that the amount of development of any particular part of the brain can be demonstrated by protuberances in the skull.

This idea of special parts of the brain being the seat of special senses was not originated by Gall. Erisistratus and Hierophilus (who lived about 300 B.C.) believed that sensation and intellect are seated in the brain, and that the different functions might be localised in given parts of that organ. This doctrine was held by many teachers in later generations, and the idea that the development of certain parts of the brain could be demonstrated from external signs on the cranium had been put forward long before the time of Gall. To him belongs the credit of having attempted to put phrenology on a physiological basis; in this, however, he was not successful. Phrenology flourished during his life-time, but gradually declined, until now it stands on a level with palmistry and fortune-telling. The many discoveries of the present day in cerebral localisation have not in any way confirmed the ideas of the phrenologists as to the seats of the special senses. The areas mapped out by modern physiologists as the results of actual investigations (which have been of so much service in brain surgery) do not at all agree with the areas of the phrenologists.

## DR. WILLEM JOHANNES LEYDS, STATE SECRETARY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC. BY A FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN.

It is barely two months since the man in the street began to take an interest in the movements of one Dr. Leyds, a Hollander in the service of the Transvaal temporarily residing in Berlin for the ostensible reason of consulting a specialist in throat affections. This Dr. Leyds, correspondents hinted freely, was a sort of African Macchiavelli, and his true mission the negotiation of a German protectorate over the country of his adoption, in case Great Britain should attempt to back the demands of the Uitlanders by force.

If the busy Doctor has read a tithe of the denunciations of his supposed intrigues he must have found plenty of entertainment during his vacation. Unfortunately, he could only spend two days in London recently. Had time permitted him to meet British journalists face to face the very appearance of the State Secretary of the South African Republic would have sufficed to dispel the "crafty plotter" myth that may now cling to him for years.

The present writer met Dr. Leyds ("Laites" is the nearest possible English pronunciation of the name) some days before his departure from Europe. Politics were taboo, and the conversation turned mainly upon the Doctor's own career, which, in the same sense as that of Mr. Rhodes', is probably "only just beginning." It is true that the Doctor has already, for more than seven years, held an office which amounts to the Home and Foreign Secretaryships of his country rolled into one, but there are stormy days in store for the Transvaal, and you cannot look at the bronzed face, the intelligent brown eye, the firm chin, and the low, broad forehead of the man before you without feeling that his name will be writ large in the annals of his adopted country. However, for the present order reigns in Johannesburg. Instead of speculating upon Dr. Leyds' future it is, therefore, more to the point to look at his past career.

Dr. Leyds was born at Magelang, in Java, thirty-seven years ago. Although his father was a teacher, the boy, when six years old, was sent home to school in Holland. As a youth, he himself for some time earned his livelihood by teaching. Then he studied law at Amsterdam University, where he graduated in 1884, the year in which Mr. Kruger first visited Europe as President of the South African Republic. When in Holland, Mr. Kruger offered the Attorney-Generalship of his Republic to Professor Moltzer, of Amsterdam, who declined, but recommended Leyds, one of his promising young men. Dr. Leyds at first did not care for the post; but in Holland, which suffers from a "Proletariat of the Educated" almost as much as Germany, the prospects for a young man without means or influence were small, and upon second thoughts he accepted, and presently found himself installed at Pretoria as "Staatsprocurer."

In 1888 Dr. Leyds was promoted to the State Secretaryship, an office of which the holder is elected every four years by the Volksraad. His term expires again next year, but there is no reasonable doubt that so long as he cares to fill the post it is his. In fact, it is one of the best proofs of Dr. Leyds' diplomatic gifts that he, a graduate of a University which is a centre of advanced political and speculative thought, should have become the trusted servant of a people slow to confide in anyone, and doubly likely to mistrust a man presumably tarred with the brush of "modernity."

Dr. Leyds is one of a body of six (including the President and the Commandant-General) who form the Executive Government of the Republic. He is the only non-Afrikaner on that executive. Like most of his educated countrymen, the Doctor is a good linguist, though he speaks English with the characteristic Dutch accent. His broad-shouldered but rather spare frame is above middle height and toughly knit. He has a quick and nervous, but urbane manner, and a pleasant voice. A few years ago Dr. Leyds married Miss Rooff, the daughter of a well-known mathematician in Amsterdam.

There is really no reason for doubting that Dr. Leyds' presence in Berlin at the time of the Jameson ride was anything else than an accident. The Doctor had left South Africa on furlough, in order to consult Professor Fränkel, the Berlin specialist, months before any troubles could have been anticipated by his Government. No doubt he improved the occasion, while in Berlin, to do the best for the country he serves. Germany has always professed friendship towards the Transvaal, but no one in his senses can believe that the Boers would desire to exchange British for German suzerainty.

The railway about which so much has been written lately is not German in any sense, excepting that the shares are largely owned by German capitalists. The bulk of its shares, however, Dr. Leyds assured me, are in Dutch hands, and the directorate is Holland. With regard to the statements so frequently met with of the anti-British influence said to be exercised over President Kruger by the "Hollander party" among the officials, it was pointed out to me that of the 1990 men in the Civil Service of the Republic (excluding the police and prison services) only 260 are Hollanders by birth.

The fact is that, although the Transvaal people find it advantageous to employ Hollanders in their Civil Service, and especially in their Educational Department, they do not mean to be ruled from Holland any more than from Britain or Germany. They appreciate, however, the sympathy shown for them in the Netherlands, where a considerable fund has been collected in commemoration of the Doornkop fight. That fund will be devoted to the maintenance of the Dutch language in South Africa.

The preservation of the Dutch tongue, indeed, is of more importance for the future of the Dutch race in South Africa than the maintenance of the Burgher rule in its present form in the Transvaal. A nation with a language and literature of its own does not die, and from a literary point of view the Dutch language is as vigorous as ever. That is shown by the remarkable manner in which Dutch holds its own in Belgium against the attempted encroachments of French, and by the way in which, of late years, the Afrikaner variety of the language has reasserted itself in Cape Colony.

## THE WOOD-CARVING INDUSTRY OF SWITZERLAND.

One has only to look round the handsome little building known as the "Industriehalle," or Hall of Industry, which rises in the centre of the townlet of Brienz, in order to be assured that the wood-carving industry of this part of the Bernese Oberland owes much to nature and to natural characteristics. It would be strange were it otherwise. Yet it is only right to remember that two, and nearly three, generations of Brienzers have now been engaged in this industry, so that if there is anything in the theory of inherited aptitudes, these wood-carvers ought to have a word to say on this phase of the evolution question. As in the case of some other home industries of Switzerland, wood-carving owed its origin to that necessity which has at all times been the parent of inventiveness. But the carving with which the Brienz turner Christian Fischer was wont to supplement his frugal earnings some eighty years ago was very primitive compared with the works of true art which are nowadays produced in many an unpretentious cottage on the shores of the blue lake which Turner painted with such marvellous power.

There was progressive improvement in execution, but little refinement in ideas, and of art it was still premature to speak. It was towards the end of the thirties that the first Art School was formed, and that thus the first instruction in the theory of their handicraft was imparted to the carvers of Brienz. From that date wood-carving might count as an art industry. The school had not long been in private hands before the Government of the Canton appears to have suspected that Brienz had hit upon a good thing, and it wisely decided to help the industry on by the provision of skilled instructors. In time, however, the State began to weary in well doing, and private initiative had once more—in the form of the Association for Public Utility—to step in and make itself responsible for the proper training of the rising generation of carvers. The credit of having maintained the industry in a condition of efficiency down to the year 1884, when the system of technical instruction in Switzerland was entirely remodelled, belongs to this association. On its present basis the Wood-carving School of Brienz dates from that year, since when it has enjoyed the full benefit of the federal subsidy offered to all technical and industrial institutions in the land. Young people can enter the school as apprentices directly they have "absolved" the nine years during which attendance at the elementary school is required by law—that is, at the age of fifteen. The ordinary course of instruction is spread over three years, and anyone remaining beyond that term does so voluntarily and by arrangement with the managers, who are nine in number, and are appointed equally by the Canton, the municipality, and the members of the ecclesiastical parish of Brienz. An entrance fee of ten francs is imposed; but there are no fees, and material is provided gratis. From the second year the pupil receives half the value of the work he does, and premiums may also be earned by the exceptionally efficient and industrious from the beginning. On the half-proceeds system a young man of fair talent and application is able to earn as much as 800f. in the course of the year, while the average for pupils of between sixteen and nineteen years is about 500f. (£20) yearly, which means much more on the Brienzersee than in an English town or rural district.

The school is divided into two departments—the drawing and modelling school and the practical carving school—and there are three teachers: the Head Master, who designs, and directs drawing generally; an instructor in carving; and a modeller in clay and plaster. The school is carried on the whole year round with the exception of short holidays, and fifty-four hours are worked per week. The bulk of the time (thirty-six hours) naturally falls to carving in the workshop; then six each fall to modelling and free-hand drawing, and three each to designing and study of ornament. During the last year for which a report has been issued (1892-93) there were 19 apprentices in the carving-school, all but two belonging to Brienz or the immediate neighbourhood; while in the two drawing-schools 40 young men and 75 boys were taught.

New pupils are given pieces of lime-wood to work upon, as it is both soft and cheap, and with the aid of drawings they practise simple ornament. After a youth has done this sort of work for a few weeks he can safely be set to simple curve and even leaf and flower carving. In time he begins to develop peculiar aptitudes, and then he is encouraged to specialisation. An apprentice of ordinary capacity is able at the end of the first year to pass from the merely tuitional and experimental stage to practical work. At the end of the course the pupils either get work with employers or work at home, or continue at the school on the half-proceeds system.

Since the beginning of 1894 the Brienz carving industry has had the help of a public Sample Exhibition. Under the auspices of the Association of the Oberland Woodwork Industry, the "Industriehalle" has been opened here for the collection, display, and sale of the goods produced. Carved work can only be exhibited by members of the Association, who pay a small fee and also a commission on sales. The exhibition is always well stored with artistic work. There are chests and cupboards of wonderful design and surpassing delicacy of workmanship, unique overmantels, chairs, picture-frames, animal groups, flower pieces—indeed, almost everything of an ornamental kind that is made of wood, at any price between four francs and four hundred. The bulk of the Association's trade is done with wholesale dealers in the large towns.

On the whole, the life of the Brienz carvers is not a poor one. There are about five hundred of them on the lake. Many of their number carry on agriculture on a small scale, and only follow their art in the winter. The incomings are tolerable, considering the small demands made upon life in this primitive part of the world. From fifteen to twenty francs a week can easily be earned by adults when times are fairly favourable. Novel articles, showing originality of idea, sell readiest, and a man with a specialty of his own may count on having a good time.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.



ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Queen Victoria, I should say, travels with a larger retinue and with more luggage than most of the sovereigns of Europe—of course, I am speaking of private journeys, as distinct from State visits. There are many reasons for this very perceptible difference between the number of her attendants and the bulk of her impedimenta and those of other monarchs, especially those of the male sex. To begin with, the Queen is no longer young, and with advancing years there has naturally come a strong disinclination to forego the smallest of those material comforts in the perfection of which no nation has, after all, matched us, still less surpassed us.

This is not a mere empty boast on Englishmen's part. Our climate, to a certain extent, and our very insular habits afterwards have compelled us to make our homes what they are. Our very near relations, the Dutch, whose homes are nearly as comfortable and snug as ours, never were and are not now such stay-at-homes as we were till within very recent times. A glance at the stately town halls and princely private buildings, especially throughout the Southern Netherlands, or what to-day we call Belgium, reveals the fact that to the splendour of the outside a great deal of the comfort of the inside was sacrificed. If we go to Genoa, Verona, Milan, Venice, and even Florence, we cannot fail to be struck by the fact that in many of the palaces of the nobles, with their wealth of marble, carving, and architectural splendour, the floors are often uncarpeted.

The climate of Italy has unquestionably had a great deal to do with this, but even where the climate was and is more rigorous, such as, for instance, in Northern Germany and Scandinavia, carpets among the middle classes—not to mention the section below them—were the exception until very recently and bare floors the rule. The most obvious reason for this is the absolute fact that no Continental nation is so wedded to home as we are. The home of the prosperous working man in England—provided the wife be something of a manager—is a little palace compared with that of the working man whether in Germany, France, or Holland, no matter how careful and painstaking and saving the wife may be. As for the single working man in Paris, I know not of one—unless he have relations in Paris—who lives in private lodgings. I do not say there are none. I say I have never met with one. If the single Parisian working man is very particular, he has a room—generally a mere closet or attic—in an *hôtel garni*; if he be less particular he only rents a bed in what we commonly call a "doss-house," and when he leaves it in the morning nine times out of ten his place is taken by the nocturnal nondescripts at a reduced tariff. The policy of the working man in that respect may be summed up in four words, the name he has bestowed upon his landlord, whom he terms "le marchand de sommeil." He seems only to want a bed; a home is of no use to him.

Consequently, the foreigner, no matter how exalted his station, is not so absolutely wretched if some of those material comforts should happen to fail as the well-brought-up middle-class Englishman would be; and, if proof of this were wanted, we should only have to look at the appointments of first and second class Continental hotels, mostly patronised by English travellers, and at the second-class hotels exclusively patronised by the natives of the country in which they are situated.

I might enlarge on this for a dozen columns; one or two little simple facts will suffice. We will take Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Brussels. Let the reader make a tour of inspection through the hotels professing to cater for English visitors, and then repeat the investigation in those which make no such profession. Let him note the difference in everything except the bedding—from the bed-room furniture to the table appointments and table linen—and he will soon find that I have not been exaggerating. On the other hand, the food in those second-rate hotels, catering exclusively for a second-rate native *clientèle*, will nearly always be as good, and sometimes better, than in some of our first-rate provincial hotels in England.

The logical deduction is that the foreigner of the highest rank, though he may in his own house have surrounded himself with all the comforts of a first-class English home, will not fret and fume and feel miserable if on his travels some of those comforts should fall short; and that is why our sovereign has more luggage on her travels than her fellow-monarchs.

I have already said that, with rare exceptions, the bedding on the Continent is almost perfect; nevertheless, our Queen not only carries her own, but also her bedstead. The mattresses are probably unique in their way. Instead of the numberless little buttons that adorn the ordinary mattress, the Queen's have numberless little loops that can be tightened or loosened at will, and that are thus loosened every morning and tightened at night, the horse-hair stuffing having been thoroughly ventilated meanwhile.

The Queen's Indian attendants are responsible for another addition to the Queen's luggage. Their religion forbids them to touch any food which is not prepared, and, in the case of animal food, not slaughtered, by themselves. Those worthy, dusky retainers carry, therefore, their own crockery, knives and forks, and the rest, and, unless I am very much mistaken, their own *batterie de cuisine*. In the days when I crossed the Channel more frequently than I crossed the Thames, I came upon them several times in the large refreshment-room attached to the Gare Maritime at Calais. While the Queen's coachman and footman did plenty of justice to the fare set before them, the Indians never touched a morsel, but they were not quite so abstemious, though abstemious enough, with regard to liquids. I never came near enough to determine the nature of their beverage. There was a topaz-like glint about it. It was not champagne, nor hock. I do not think they touch wine. Perhaps it was whisky and water.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CARSLAKE W WOOD.—Thanks for note; but we had better have final result for paragraph.

W E POLLARD.—The solution of Mr. A E Lawson is open to the same objection as your own; neither of them will solve the problem.

J ARMSTRONG CHALLICE.—No. 2703 had no second solution, because Black replies to 1. R to B 5th with B to Q R 5th.

F Y (South Kensington).—We do not, as a rule, answer anonymous inquiries. The defence you ask for is found in Black's reply of Kt to B 4th.

W R RAILLE.—But if Black replies 1. P takes Kt where is the mate in two more moves? Your failure does the problem more justice than your criticism.

DR F ST (Camberwell).—Your emendation is ingenious but unnecessary. The P at R 2nd is a Black Pawn, and taking the Knight saves a second solution. You pay the problem a high compliment by your remarks.

THETA.—Your problems are too simple for this column.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2703 and 2704 received from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2706 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2707 from A P (St. John, N.B.); of No. 2708 from F W C (Edgbaston), C E H (Clifton), and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2709 from Ubique, J D Tucker (Leeds), Rudolf Fausten (Aachen), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), F and R E, C W Smith (Stroud), and F Leete (Sudbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2710 received from R H Brooks, Dawn, W David (Cardiff), J D Tucker (Leeds), F Waller (Luton), J F Moon, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), F A Carter (Maldon), J Sowden, H T Atterbury, Shadforth, Frank H Rollison, Mrs. Kelly (of Kely), Alpha, T Chown, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Sorrento, T Roberts, W Lillie (Manchester), F James (Wolverhampton), E E H, Castle Lea, Ubique, W F Anderson, C W Smith (Stroud), J S Wesley (Exeter), Captain Spencer, and W d'A Barnard (Uppingham).

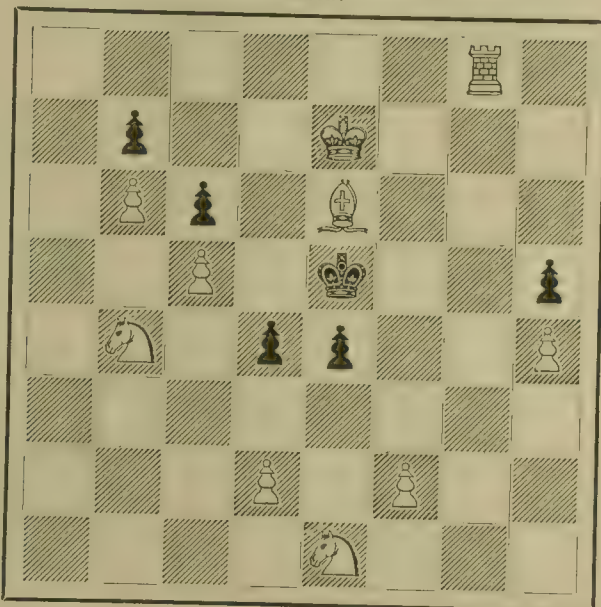
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2709.—By JOSE PALUZIE.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to Q Kt sq. Any move  
2. Kt, R, or B mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2712.

By C. DAHL (Copenhagen).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS

Game played at the Hastings Chess Club between Messrs. BLACKBURNE and CHAPMAN on the one side, and Messrs. DOBELL and ALOOF on the other.

(Evans Gambit)

WHITE (B. and C.) BLACK (D. and A.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th  
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes Kt P  
5. P to B 3rd B to R 4th  
6. Castles P to Q 3rd  
7. P to Q 4th B to Kt 3rd

The most modern version of this opening, as advocated and adopted by Mr. Lasker and others, is illustrated in these early moves. Black intends to try for an exchange of Queens, with the result of a Pawn to the good.

8. P to Q R 4th P takes P  
9. P takes P Kt to B 3rd  
10. P to K 5th P takes P  
11. B to R 3rd Kt to Q 4th

The position is already embarrassing for the Black allies. They should, perhaps, have risked, instead, B to K 3rd.

12. B takes Kt Q takes B  
13. Kt to B 3rd Q to R 4th

It was probably better to play Q to B 5th at this critical point.

14. P to Q 5th Kt to Kt 5th  
15. Kt takes P Castles  
16. Kt to Kt 5th P to Q B 3rd

WHITE (B. and C.) BLACK (D. and A.)  
17. P takes P P takes P  
18. Kt to B 4th Q to R 3rd  
19. B takes Kt

Of the many complications at this point White obviously gets the advantage.

20. P takes P P takes Kt  
21. Kt takes B Q takes P  
22. Kt takes R Q to Kt sq  
23. Q to Q 4th Q takes Kt  
24. R takes P Q to B 3rd  
25. Q to Q R 4th Q to Q Kt 3rd  
26. Q to R 5th Q to Kt 3rd  
27. R to R 5th Q to Q 3rd  
28. Q to R 3rd

White must guard against any possible danger by Black's threatened B to Kt 2nd.

29. R to K sq R to K sq  
30. Q to K 3rd Q to Q 2nd

The finish is very suggestive of Mr. Blackburne's brilliant style.

31. Q takes R (ch) K takes Q  
32. Q R takes B (ch) K to K 2nd  
33. R to B 7th Resigns

The telegraphic chess match between the Manhattan and British Chess Clubs, played last year, although somewhat unsatisfactory in its conclusion, was of sufficient interest to induce a desire to repeat the contest, with the consequence that last Friday and Saturday two teams on opposite sides of the Atlantic were again pitted against each other. On the present occasion the conditions were somewhat altered, the combatants being limited to native-born players for each country, and the style of the match virtually became America v. England. For the States, the Brooklyn Chess Club selected eight players, while the British Chess Club did the same for the old country, and two fine teams were thus brought together. The following was the pairing: Pillsbury v. Blackburne, Showler v. Burn, Burille v. Bird, Barry v. Tinsley, Hynes v. Loeck, Hodges v. D. Y. Mills, Delmar v. Atkins, Baird v. Jackson. Play commenced at the Cannon Street Hotel on Friday afternoon at three o'clock, after some messages of greeting, and continued, with an interval, till half-past eleven, at which hour the English players seemed to have an advantage. This, however, was not maintained, and when the final result was arrived at late on Saturday night, victory had fallen to our opponents with a score of 4½ to 3½.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some months ago I commented upon the subject of the safety of the cylinders used for the storage of compressed gases, such as are employed for limelight exhibitions. The railway and steam-boat companies, sounding a note of alarm, practically refused to convey the cylinders in question, save under such restrictions as made their transport often a matter of serious inconvenience to lecturers and others. I argued that the alarm was groundless, and that there was as little chance of a properly made cylinder exploding as of a properly made engine boiler giving way.

This topic has now been, I hope, thoroughly threshed out by the Parliamentary Committee on Compressed Gas Cylinders. The report of this Committee has lately been issued, and I venture to think it will be regarded as satisfactory by all persons concerned in the manufacture and carriage of compressed gases. The Committee deal with accidents occurring to the cylinders from all causes. There were fatalities "due to pure carelessness or causes such that no general regulations would have prevented them." Then come accidents "by mixed gas or vapour due to improper compressing arrangements." The Fenchurch Street explosion in 1895 comes under this category of fatalities. Explosions "due to bad cylinders" number four only. Now the list of accidents due to actual defects in cylinders is certainly by no means a long one, having regard to the immense number of cylinders in use; and even if we add three other cases (doubtfully due to this cause, and all three occurring with carbonic acid cylinders), the list really remains disproportionately and most gratifyingly small.

The Committee recommend that for cylinders of compressed gas, made of lap-welded wrought iron or of lap-welded or seamless steel, the greatest working pressure should be 1800 lb. per square inch. The cylinders are to be duly tested after a fashion prescribed; they are to be tested every two years, and annealed every four years. A record is to be kept of all tests; the cylinders are not to be refilled unless perfectly empty, and if sent out unpacked, a steel cap is to protect the valve fittings. Sundry other recommendations are given for the distinction of cylinders: thus, hydrogen and coal gas receptacles are to be painted red. Assuming that the regulations of the Committee are carried out, it is added that railway and other companies may safely carry cylinders unpacked. Having regard to the thoroughly representative nature of the Committee, and to the authoritative nature of its recommendations and deliverances, I hope we shall hear less than is now heard about the theoretical dangers of carrying cylinders of compressed gases. But the scare will have done good if it has taught that, while there is every safety in the use of properly made cylinders, the employment of those which are imperfectly constructed, and which do not correspond to the description laid down by the Committee of safe vessels, must be forbidden by law.

Sir John Lubbock is one of the most industrious of men. In addition to his manifold duties, legislative and commercial, he finds time to devote himself—and that with distinguished success—to the study of living nature. His works on ants, his observations on flowers and insects and on the senses of animals, are all familiar to students of biology, while they also appeal to that wider and growing body of readers who are always "wanting to know" in matters of popularised science. I have received a copy of Sir John Lubbock's latest contribution to biological science. It forms a volume of the "International Scientific Series" (Kegan Paul and Co.), and is entitled "A Contribution to Our Knowledge of Seedlings." A more comprehensive book bearing the same title is published in two volumes; the book under notice is therefore a condensation of the larger work.

In introducing his readers to this study in botany, Sir John Lubbock, in one sense, breaks new ground. The early life of plants is, perchance, not so well known as the infancy of animals; yet the study is of full importance in both cases; for not only does the development of living beings afford many clues to their origin, but if, as is likely, the factors of evolution act on the seedlings as they act on the later growths, we may expect to learn much from investigations into the ways and works of plant-germination. The major part of the book is taken up with descriptions of the cotyledons or seed-leaves of various plant groups. The seed-leaves are the little primary leaves which first shoot up from the germinating seed, which nourish the baby-plant in its earliest stages of growth, and which disappear, as a rule, when the true leaves come. In the mustard or cress, we see the little green seed-leaves appearing above the surface of the ground as the first indication of growth. In the pea or bean, the seed-leaves form the halves of the seed. They enclose the embryo plant between them, and are thick, fleshy, and full of nutriment for the young sprout. Between these types of seed-leaves there are many gradations, and Sir J. Lubbock practically uses the cotyledons as possible guides to the understanding of the ways and works of the seedlings.

Discussing the relation of the seedling to the seed at the close of his study, Sir J. Lubbock comes to the conclusion that there is no reason to suppose that the seed is influenced by the form of the young plant, while there is every reason to hold that the form of the embryo plant, and especially of the cotyledons, is essentially influenced by the seed. There is evidently adaptation to environment here. The young plant has been influenced by the conditions to which the seed has been exposed. Botanists will not universally agree with Sir J. Lubbock's views, but he shows cause for reconsideration, at least, of the opinions of his opponents. It is the form of the fruit, apparently, which governs that of the seed, and, in turn, the shape and conditions of the seed determine those of the seed-leaves. We may, perchance, find a cycle here, if we may assume some controlling influence is exerted by the seed-leaves over the future plant form at large; and so, from the fruit to the seed-leaf, we may return to the flower and fruit again.





Four swans  
the Falcon  
and  
Wellham.

The Falcon  
Huntington

The Angel  
Gorham

R.S.  
L.J.S.



## THE TORPEDO AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

Of all engines meant to be used either for offensive or for defensive purposes in time of war, none, perhaps, is being so steadily improved as the much-talked-about modern torpedo. Naturally enough, leave to visit the Woolwich Arsenal, where most of the large projectiles are constructed, is comparatively seldom given to strangers, and even when permission has been obtained the ordinary visitor is not, for several obvious reasons, allowed to view the manufacture of explosives. And for this exclusiveness nobody is to be blamed, secrecy concerning important matters of the kind being of such absolute importance. Foreigners, it is true, especially Germans, sometimes grumble at our lack of courtesy, as they call it, in not allowing them to examine all that there is to be seen within our world-famed Arsenal. Yet, if these same German neighbours, usually so friendly to strangers, would consider for a moment the way in which the visitor to their institutions of a kind more or less resembling our Arsenal is treated—the visitor to the impregnable Ehrenbreitstein fortress opposite Coblenz, for instance—they might be tempted to reserve their complaints for occasions more suitable.

Undoubtedly the most cleverly designed torpedoes, as well as the finest cannon and the best small arms manufactured anywhere are made in England. It is no empty boast to say this. The statement is that merely of a fact, but of a fact of which we may well feel proud. True, America has made several very important alterations and improvements in automobile torpedoes, changes interestingly described at considerable length in some of the records of the United States Naval Institute; yet it is safe to say that to-day even the very best projectiles manufactured across the ocean are not equal in grade and completeness to those made over here. Of course, the ordinary American will not admit the truth of this assertion, any more than he will allow that British sports and pastimes are superior to the American game of baseball, for it is not in his nature to acknowledge any nation to be a grander one than his own—an inborn sense of patriotism for which one cannot blame him. Still, those among our Transatlantic cousins so fortunate as to have visited the Arsenal, and also the Rotunda, at Woolwich, cannot but help admitting that "England is a fine nation." The manufacture of the torpedo is a subject that seems always to interest the American vastly, the more so because he so seldom appears to have inspected similar factories that exist in his own country. Perhaps the sight causes him to realise more forcibly what a great country England is in so far as her power of defence is concerned. Possibly it makes him wonder again, as



A TORPEDO FACTORY, WOOLWICH ARSENAL: DISCUSSING A KNOTTY POINT.

New York was wondering only a few months ago, what the outcome would be of an international war. But even the ordinarily stolid Briton himself is apt to give way to a thrill of national pride on beholding for the first time the interior of the torpedo factory, as shown in the accompanying Illustrations. These Illustrations, indeed, need no explanation. The first in particular practically speaks for itself. Whatever the subject under discussion may be, depend upon it but few of us, excepting engineers of a particular class and some authorities upon explosives, would understand it. For the automobile torpedo is a class of creature absolutely unique among infernal machines, totally distinct from even the *torpilles sèches*, or underground torpedoes, described at length in a pamphlet written by the famous French expert, M. Eugène Hennebert.

What the torpedo, the big gun, and the service rifle will develop into in the future it is, of course, impossible to foretell, but anybody visiting the Woolwich Arsenal will be able to judge for himself as to whether or not the inventive powers of our "architects" of engines of destruction are likely to remain at a standstill. The further development, too, of mechanical appliances employed in the manufacture of large projectiles, a development constantly continuing, naturally facilitates the making of improvements in the projectiles themselves. And not only does this development save the time and labour of the working mechanic; indirectly it materially assists also the engineer or inventor, and thus it helps to lessen the strain unavoidably placed upon the actual inventor's often greatly over-exerted mental faculties.



INTERIOR OF A TORPEDO FACTORY, WOOLWICH ARSENAL.



## THE LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

I have discovered that I am surrounded by unsympathetic souls. None of my best friends want to come and see me and talk about costumes proper and ordinary, expensive and elegant; they all rush to me wild with the excitement of a recent bicycle ride or skate, and proceed to ask me uninteresting questions about shirts. A shirt, though, is an excellent garment in its way. Personally, I have the greatest affection for it at its proper moment, which has not arrived, this being, to my mind, due in June, when, worn with the coat and skirt of alpaca, it completes an ideal morning dress. Silk shirts are, however, attractive on the rink, I confess, especially those that are completed with the turn-down linen collars and cuffs, to which I alluded last week.

One of these, which is at the moment possessed by an intimate friend of mine, is in reseda green, belted with gold galloon, and worn with a black necktie, which descends down the front, over a box pleat with three gold studs in it. But, admirable though it is in every way, it cannot excite me to the least enthusiasm; it is a simple shirt, only that, and nothing more, yet I am voted unsympathetic if I wish to turn the attention of my visitors to clothes of more elaborate detail. Indeed, I was quite rudely interrupted this morning while endeavouring to dilate upon the charms of a grass-lawn bodice, which, elaborately embroidered with coloured silks and gold tinsel, was tabbed round the basque and rested on a frill of black velvet.

"Paulina, never mind about that!" was the observation which disturbed my eloquence, "would you for bicycling have a black coat and skirt, or one of plum-coloured covert coating; and do you think that the holland coat and the white linen coat will be worn in the spring in the Park?" This latter question is one which has been rather troubling me recently. I sincerely hope that these jackets will receive a measure of favour, when I remember the woman on a bicycle without a jacket does not look her best, her outlines from her waist to her seat when poised on a narrow saddle not being conducive to elegance, while it is distinctly uncomfortable to be forced to wear a cloth jacket in all winds, or want of winds and weathers. I see no reason why the Norfolk jacket or brown holland made with small sleeves and belted with tan suede should not be successfully worn over a thin batiste shirt. And, by the way, the new batiste shirts from Paris are quite beautiful, hand-embroidered, with small collars and cuffs edged with real Valenciennes lace. But I declare I am becoming quite demoralised talking about shirts already, when I ought to be relating the charms of a black cloth gown which I have but just met, boasting sleeves of black and yellow and white checked taffeta, and showing a black silk corselet with a white lisse cravat.



CLOTH DRESS AND CAPE.

This is an idealised version of the black cloth dress, and is quite charming. Other black cloth dresses that I have met on my travels show wide strappings of the cloth bordered on either side by a narrow braid. This braid sometimes makes its appearance in black, sometimes in

white, when, perhaps, it is the more effective; black and white being now worshipped devotedly, and white roses and white camellias share the favour of the milliners, while casually I may mention that a small jet toque may be most successfully adorned with a bunch of white gardenias



A NEW EVENING DRESS.

clustering round the base of a white osprey with a curled top.

Rumour tells me that the feather ospreys are to yield place to erect bunches of green grass. Furthermore was I informed by the same treacherous authority paradise plumes in green and black and white are to be adored devotedly. A small black straw hat which has just arrived from Paris bears a trimming of a black bird-of-paradise plume, and a green one, being guileless of all other decoration, yet it is sufficiently attractive.

A remarkably pleasing gown which I have come across possessed a skirt of blue-and-white striped alpaca, a bodice with a very short basque made of blue canvas braided in black, showing a shirt-front of the blue and white, and a belt and collarband of green plaid ribbon. Green plaid is never adopted by English women with much enthusiasm, but I notice among the French novelties which have arrived here that this appears in the inevitable canvas. It may be recommended as an economical blouse for the skater, who would do well to complete it with white linen collars and cuffs, and wear it with a plain black or green skirt, crowning it with a small hat of green straw trimmed with black and green tulle and white gardenias.

While at Niagara last Sunday I saw a girl wearing a white felt hat trimmed with a green and a white paradise plume. Talking of Niagara reminds me of a charming bodice which was fretting its hour on the rink, made of thick white satin in shirt form, with a straight front showing many tucks on either side, and the back entirely formed of tucks; turn-down collar and cuffs, and a smart little necktie also made of the white satin completed the effect, which was crowned by a hat of black chip with a frill of black lace round the crown with a white lace appliqué upon it, a bushy white osprey standing erect at one side, while a cluster of white roses nestled beneath the brim at the back. A blue velvet skirt which was to be seen in its company lacked, perhaps, the charms of the appropriate, while a delightful harmony of colour was a brown skirt with a light green bodice bearing collar and cuffs of white linen. There is no doubt about it, evil communications corrupt good manners, and I find myself still talking about shirts which should be appropriated to the skater, and treating with utter contempt the many delightful models labelled "Paris" which are putting in their appearance in the best dressmakers' society just now. However, I shall repent next week—most sinners are always going to repent next week—and, for the moment, let me describe those dresses illustrated. The one is made of cloth, with a cape with long ends, braided and hemmed with a band of black velvet. The other represents an evening dress of *peau de soie*, with little gores of spotted net, and trimmings of velvet ribbon rosettes. And next week I really will talk about fashions which are French, and which shall be English.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss R.—Either Marie Schild, 142, Long Acre; or Myrette, 25, Regent Street, I should consult for that paper pattern.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

Oxford has disposed of the demand of its women students to have the degree after they have proved their equal educational claim to it with men. Not only the right to use the magic letters "B.A." has been refused, but also a smaller proposal to grant a diploma, signed by the Chancellor, to all women who kept as long residence and passed the same examinations as in the case of a man would entitle him to the degree. The degree was refused by 215 votes to 140, the diploma by 178 to 111. The other resolutions that were put, all of the nature of compromise, were each rejected by very large majorities, as the friends of the women's degree objected to them all, and therefore joined with the enemies of any recognition in polling an adverse vote.

In Cambridge the proposition that a committee should be appointed to consider if any degrees should be granted to women, and, if so, on what terms, has met a curious fate. The motion for the committee was passed, but the succeeding motion nominating its members was rejected on the ground that all the gentlemen who were named had previously expressed their opinions in one way or another, so that it was already known which of them would vote for all the degrees, which for a modified course and special degrees, and which entirely "Non-content." The possibility of argument or evidence changing the already formed views was apparently not credited at all! The position therefore stands now, (a) there is to be a committee; (b) nobody is to compose it. A nice position for a fountain-head of logic to place itself in before the world!

Perhaps the most amusing and instructive feature in all this discussion was the strong and decisive repudiation by the spokeswomen of the female students—Dr. Sophie Bryant, Mrs. Sidgwick, and the rest—of the suggestion that women had better set to work to get a university exclusively to themselves, with power to grant degrees all their own. As Dr. Sophie Bryant sarcastically observed, this advice strikes women as amusing when they realise the futility of expecting a world, always ready to suppose a woman, because such, the inferior to a man, to recognise the degrees of a woman's university as equal in importance to those of the old Universities.

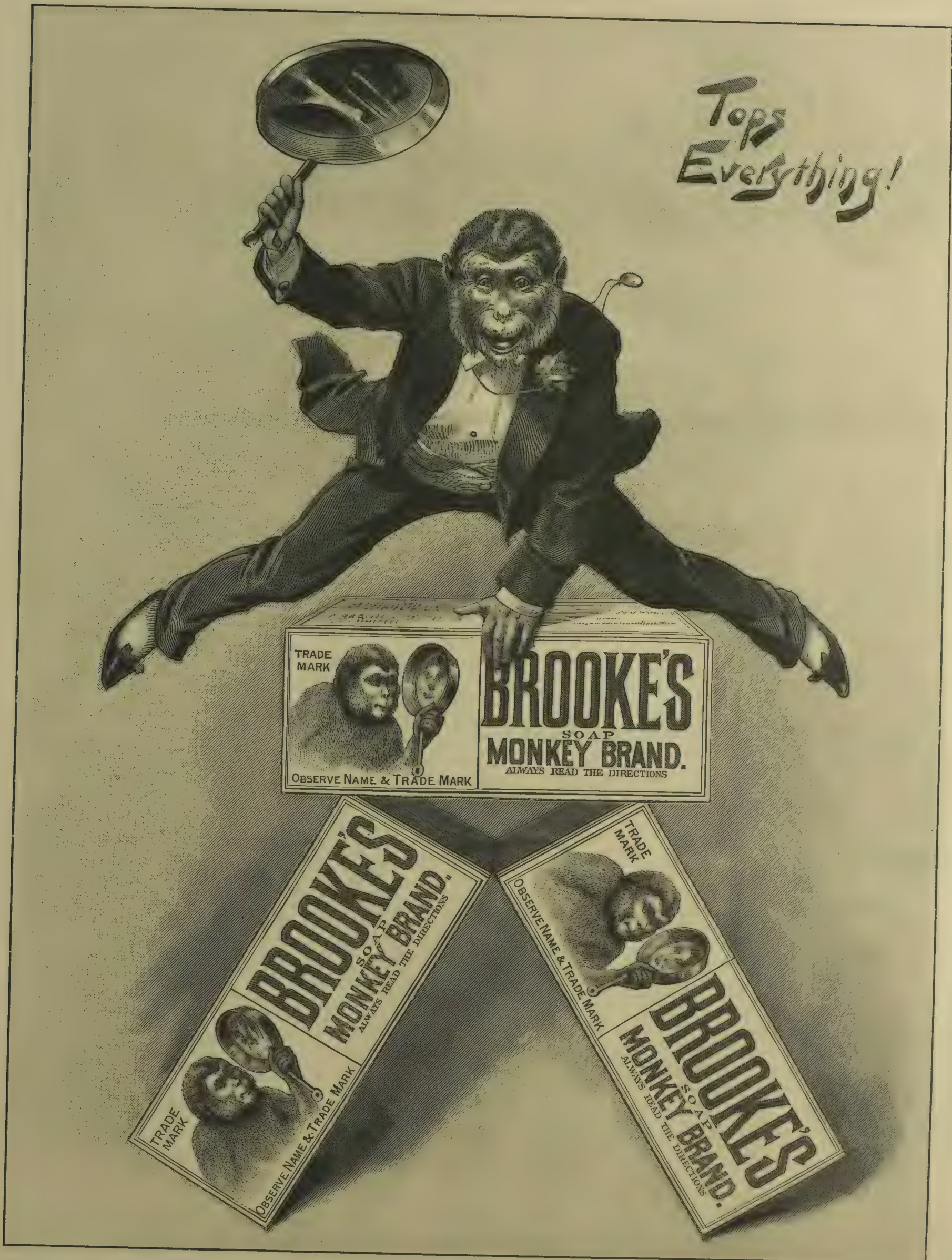
This idea, in fact, may become practical in the course of a hundred years or more if in the meantime women steadily continue successfully to prove their ability to enter into the identical examinations passed by men and to take the highest honours in them. This is no rivalry of an unworthy kind: it is the necessary first step to anything like a recognition of women's true intellectual powers. In competition only can these be proved, for the domestic careers in which women have moved in past generations have not allowed them to vindicate their possession of the higher intellectual powers, and that vindication must be made before any work that they do alone can be received at its proper worth.

There is an interesting account in the *Nineteenth Century* of the way in which American girls get their college training in some cases. It is not, indeed, so novel as the writer thinks; the time-honoured "servitor" and "sizar" at our old Universities used to be in much the same case. It is, however, novel for girls. There are several American Universities for women alone, and in more than one of these, it seems, arrangements are made by which girls who have not much money may undertake the household duties for one, two, or three hours daily, a recompense being allowed on a fixed scale of reduction in the fees, according to the service given. In every respect, except that the time given to household duties is necessarily subtracted from that of recreation or private study in these cases, the girl "sizar" are on an equality with the rest; and the writer of the article bears testimony that those who undertake the work invariably do so because they could not otherwise afford to have the college education, and not from any whim.

A meeting called to protest against the present compulsion on Church of England clergy to allow their churches to be used for the celebration of re-marriages of divorced persons was held in London last week, and resolved itself into one to oppose divorce altogether. The chairman, Lord Halifax, observed, as a clinching argument:—"If it be hard for a man to live alone all his life because his wife had run away, why should he not also be allowed to re-marry if his wife is a hopeless lunatic or imprisoned for life?" This, he thought, was "a question to which there was no answer, and it cut at the root of the popular argument for divorce." But he was apparently unaware that the "popular" voice in many countries does have those life-long separations made cause for actual divorce. In Germany, "raving madness and insanity," if it has lasted for a year, and there is medical evidence that it is presumed to be incurable, sets the other free. In our own colonies, too, the causes that Lord Halifax names are recognised. Victoria gives divorce when one of the married couple is sentenced to be imprisoned for seven years, and in New South Wales a wife can obtain a divorce if her husband has been repeatedly sentenced to short terms of imprisonment making an aggregate of two years, during which he has left her without support.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.





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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 25, 1890) of the Right Hon. William Henry Orde-Powlett, Baron Bolton, J.P., D.L., of Bolton Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Feb. 1 at the District Registry, York, by Lord Bolton and the Hon. Amias Lucien Orde-Powlett, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £226,161. The testator states that he is entitled to certain moneys secured on mortgage of the "Bolton Family Estates" amounting to £95,098, and he gives £17,000 thereof between his sons, the Hon. Amias Lucien Orde-Powlett and the Hon. Henry Robert Orde-Powlett; £28,188 thereof to the person entitled to the Bolton estates under the deed of resettlement; and the remainder thereof to his eldest son, the present Lord Bolton. He bequeaths £1000 each to his sons, the Hon. Amias Lucien Orde-Powlett and the Hon. Henry Robert Orde-Powlett; £1500 to his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Jean Mary Cathcart; £150 to Julia Crawford; an annuity of £70 to his sister-in-law, Frances Crawford; and there are some specific gifts to children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, Lord Bolton, absolutely, but expresses a wish that he will settle same so that it may go with the Bolton Family Settled Estates.

The will (dated July 29, 1887), with a codicil (dated July 20, 1894), of Mr. Henry Ralph Lambton, of Redfield, Winslow, Bucks, and 47, Eaton Place, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on March 4 by George Anthony Fenwick and William Henry Lambton and Ralph Edward Lambton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £468,034. The testator gives £1000 and his house, 47, Eaton Place, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Caroline Lambton; he also gives her an annuity of £1500, to be reduced in the event of her remarriage to £1000

per annum; £50,000 to his son Ralph Edward Lambton; £30,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters; £100 each to his coachman and groom; and £100 per annum to Caroline Marchand, the former governess of his wife. He settles Redhill, together with certain family portraits and miniatures, upon his eldest son, William Henry Lambton. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son, William Henry Lambton, absolutely. He states that the provisions for his wife are to be in addition to those made for her under their marriage settlement.

Power, of Franks Hall, Farningham, and 11, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on Jan. 8, at Bournemouth, was proved on March 3 by Sir William Tyrone Power, K.C.B., the brother, and Horace William Sanders, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £197,005. The testator gives numerous pecuniary and specific legacies and annuities to friends and servants, and, subject thereto, he leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, as to six twelfths, for his brother Sir William Tyrone Power, as to three twelfths, for his brother Harold Power, as to two

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1891) of Mr. John Sanderson, of 31, Uxbridge Road, Ealing, and the Conservative Club, St. James's Street, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 5 by John Sanderson, Thomas Hugh Sanderson, and Anthony Ambrose Sanderson, the sons, and James William Gillespie, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £223,495. The testator gives £1000 to James William Gillespie, £500 to his nephew Hugh James Sanderson; £100 to his nephew John Haddock Sanderson, and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fourth each to his sons, John Sanderson, Thomas Hugh Sanderson, Anthony Ambrose Sanderson, and James Augustus Sanderson.

The will (dated May 30, 1892) of Mr. George Washington Heywood, of Springfield, Anson Road, Victoria Park, Manchester, a County Court judge, who died on Jan. 17, was proved at the District Registry of Manchester on Feb. 20, by Abel Heywood, the brother, and the Rev. Herbert Lafone Bellhouse, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £23,037. Subject to a legacy of £200 to his wife, Mrs. Constance Heywood, the testator leaves all his property, conditionally, to his wife and children.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1894) of Mr. Frederick



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Drawn on the Spot by W. Simpson.

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twelfth for his niece Millicent Villiers, and as to one twelfth for his sister Mary Osler.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1887) of Mr. Arthur John Grieve, formerly of 2, King Street, St. James's, and late of 15, Evelyn Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Feb. 20 by Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Grieve, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £21,356. The testator gives his household furniture and effects to his wife; and his pictures, prints, and plate to her for life, and then to his son Basil Arthur Firebrace Grieve. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one half upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life or widowhood. In the event of Mrs. Grieve marrying again she is to receive an annuity of £300. The ultimate residue he leaves between his two sons, Basil Arthur Firebrace Grieve and Frederick Charles Letchworth Grieve, in equal shares.

The will of Canon the Hon. John Grey, D.D., late of The Rectory, Houghton le Spring, Durham, who died on Nov. 11, was proved at the District Registry of Durham on Feb. 7, by the Right Hon. Albert Henry George Earl Grey, the nephew, and the Hon. Frederick George Lindley Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,728.

The will and codicil of Mr. Alfred Douglas-Hamilton, J.P., D.L., of the Manor House, Long Stratton, Norfolk, who died on March 25, 1895, were proved on Feb. 28 by Miss Idonia Alice Maria Douglas-Hamilton, the niece and executrix, the value of the personal estate being £4842.

Letters of administration of the personal estate and effects of the Right Hon. Frances Harriet, Countess Fitzwilliam, of Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorkshire, who died on June 15 intestate, were granted on Feb. 14 to Earl Fitzwilliam, the husband, the value of the personal estate being £860.



JUNG PURSHAWD, A "ZOO" CELEBRITY, RECENTLY DECEASED.

Photo A. Howard Benham.

#### DEATH OF AN ELEPHANT AT THE "ZOO."

The Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park have recently sustained what may be termed quite a sad bereavement, and, almost simultaneously, an interesting addition to their circle of inmates. Jung Purshawd, the largest of the elephants, has died quite suddenly after nearly twenty years' residence in the "Zoo," to which he was presented by the Prince of Wales on his Royal Highness's return from his Indian tour. The animal grew apace until he eventually became famous as the finest elephant of Indian origin ever seen in England, the great Jumbo, who was only a few inches taller, being of African parentage. The new arrival is a female gorilla, which is said to be the largest ever brought to this country. She comes from Ngove, on the French Congo.

although always suggestive and at times fascinating, is very unequal, "La Cigarette" (74), the outline study of a girl on a couch, and "La Dormeuse" (71) being the best instances of his peculiar gracefulness of pose, as well as his power of conveying the sense of solidity by mere outline. Professor Legros is even more unequal in his results; but as he chooses subjects either dramatic, like an "Effet d'Orage" (151) or the "Victime de la Poudre" (153), or else pathetic, such as the "Mendicants de Bruges" (149) and others among the sad and weary, something more than mere mastery of the materials is requisite to achieve success. Mr. Axel Haig displays exceptional delicacy in his dry-point etching of the North Portal of Burgos Cathedral, and again in the aquatint "motif" from Leon (23), showing the cathedral standing out against the evening twilight. His "Legend of the

#### ART NOTES.

The Painter-Etchers, who have now reached their fourteenth Annual Exhibition (Pall Mall East), may be fairly congratulated upon having popularised a charming art, and upon having rescued it from the hands of copyists. We have no wish to disparage the work of those who reproduce or interpret with the graver or needle the ideas which others have originated with brush and colour, but this Society enables us to measure the distance which separates the two classes of etchers. The revival of the art in this country was doubtless due to the personal activity of a few artists, who persevered in a branch which for a while was out of favour. M. Legros, during his tenure of the Slade Professorship, did much by precept and example to turn the tide of popular feeling, and was the means of stimulating pupils, among whom may be counted Mr. W. Strang, Mr. C. Holroyd, and others who have vindicated the claims of English etching in recent years. In the present exhibition the foreign schools are represented by M. Hellen and M. Monzies. The former artist's work,

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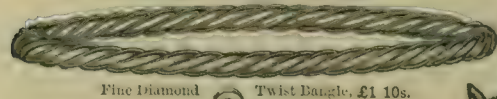
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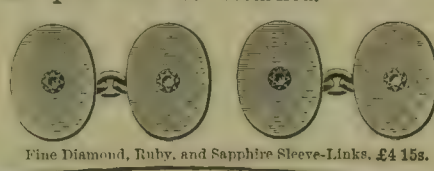
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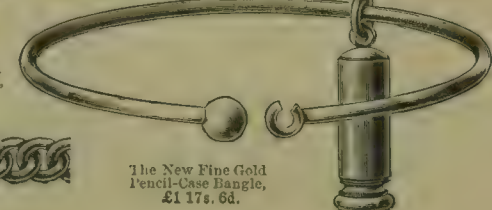
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Bells" (25) is a pleasant fancy which might furnish an illustration for "The Golden Legend," and it is at the same time more intelligible than Mr. William Strang's mystic work, "At the Back of Beyond" (34), in which the outline of the landscape has a curious resemblance to the human figure. Mr. Oliver Hall's strong Rembrandtesque river scenes, Mr. John Finnie's soft and imaginative landscapes, Mr. R. Goff's "Avon Bar" (198) and "Port Slade" (193), effective, although minutely worked up; and Mr. Charles Holroyd's masterful but often painful figure drawings, are among the attractions of this exhibition. Miss C. M. Pott's "Thames from above Battersea Bridge" (118) and "The Ghosts of the Harb" (116), Mr. Joseph Knight's mezzotints, Mr. D. Y. Cameron's "Holyrood in 1745" (179), Mr. T. L. Dalglish's "On the Dunes" (214), and Mr. C. M. Nichols' "Village Street from the Pas de Calais" (235), are all deserving of notice, as are many other works in this fairly representative exhibition of English etching.

Mr. Albert Goodwin's collection of pictures of Imaginative Landscape (Fine Art Society's Gallery) is one of the most interesting exhibitions recently brought together, and its interest is greatly enhanced by Mr. Goodwin's pleading *pro domo sua*, which appears as a prefatory note to the catalogue. The almost unrivalled position as a painter of imaginative landscape to which Mr. Goodwin has attained is known to all who frequent the exhibitions of the Old Water-Colour Society, or who

studied that extraordinary series of oil paintings illustrating the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor. The present exhibition lies within these lines. There are charming English views, of which Salisbury, Christchurch, Wells, and Bamfborough furnish the themes; and Mr. Goodwin, like his great predecessor Turner, finds that the ever-changing atmosphere of his own country offers an inexhaustible field of observation, and can inspire the most poetic fancies. To such as Mr. Goodwin Nature speaks in parables, and the devotee of Nature will be ceaselessly engaged in spelling them out. These places already named are those which seem to have furnished Mr. Goodwin with thoughts and ideas he has been most successful in working. At the same time we must admit that he finds in the Taj Mahal, Agra, and in Benares subjects which appeal strongly to his keen perception of what is beautiful. In his "Bogey" pictures, of which the "Corridors of Hell" is the last and most extreme instance, it is most interesting to follow the lines, both of form and colour, upon which the artist's imagination has run. The same way the key to this work is revealed by his actual observation as recorded in some of his sunset and storm effects; but the real strength of such works—as in the illustrations to Dante, or of Sindbad's Voyages—lies in the intenseness of the artist's imaginative power, to which, unlike some other painters in the same line, he is able to give expression in the most delicate and fanciful treatment of the *vrai*, which is never allowed to overstep the limits of the *vraisemblable*.

It would be satisfactory to all who are jealous of the glories of Westminster Abbey to know for certain whether the scheme for erecting a Campo Santo for second-rate celebrities has been altogether smothered or is only in a state of suspended animation. The space which our latter-day Pericles proposed for this addition to the Abbey has now been partially cleared, and enough is now shown of the Chapter House to make us desire to see it still more completely freed from its incongruous surroundings. On the south side it is still crowded upon by the backs of houses which have neither dignity nor beauty. For the present, however, it will be enough to hold fast to the open space already gained, and to insist, in the interests of taste and common-sense, upon its maintenance. The need for space for sepulture within the Abbey for the next fifty years at least is altogether illusory, and by the utilisation of the space within the cloisters it could be made to last for a couple of centuries. It would, of course, be necessary to exercise a stricter control over the cloister walls, which, although adorned with the tablets and monuments of some *viri illustres*, have also, and that quite recently, been plastered with the memorials of persons whose claims to such distinction are wholly baseless. If the Chapter will only display a proper appreciation of the prestige which the erection of any kind of monument within the precincts of the Abbey confers, and will limit the distinction to those who have earned it by public services, there would be no complaints of want of space.

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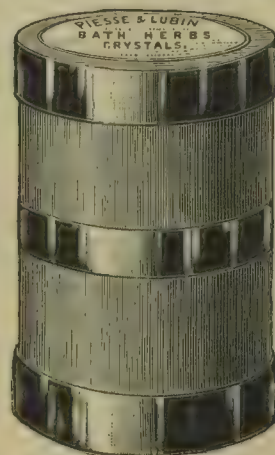
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## BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

*The Statesman's Year Book* is one of the few works of reference that one might sit down and read. Its form, like that of all Messrs. Macmillan's books, is admirable, and its arrangement by the editor, Mr. Scott Keltie (who is now assisted by Mr. I. P. A. Renwick), is lucid. This year, the thirty-third of its publication, four admirable maps are given, illustrating the Pamir, the Indo-Chinese, and the Venezuela boundary questions; while the fourth shows "secret arrangements with respect to Bechuanaland." As usual, an elaborate index is given.

*Walford's County Families* (Chatto and Windus), which appears for the thirty-sixth year, is almost as necessary as the "Peerage" itself, and is certainly an admirable supple-

ment to such a work. Here you will find families of excellent birth who are omitted in other works because they lack a title. It is a marvel of industry.

No more valuable guide to Australia appears than the *Australian Handbook*, issued by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, which now appears for the twenty-seventh year. At a time when mining interests are so important, this book becomes yearly more indispensable, and this year's issue is an advance on its predecessors. Since the book went to press New South Wales has passed a Free Trade tariff, a fact that is recorded in a slip; which shows that everything is done to bring the handbook up to date.

When the late Mr. Cornelius Walford made his vast collections for a history of newspapers, he had to express

himself in terms of despair as to the sources of information. Nowadays the jeremiad would not hold water, for with such excellent guides to journalism as *Mitchell's Press Directory* and *Sell's World's Press*, the future bibliographer of Fleet Street will find his work comparatively easy. Mitchell states that 2355 newspapers are published in the United Kingdom—London possessing 483, as against 51 fifty years ago. The increase in daily papers is even more remarkable. The daily issues now stand at 202, against 14 in 1846. Besides these there are 2097 magazines, as against 200 in 1846. Sell estimates that the advertisements in London newspapers represent four millions sterling a year, or £1 per head of the population; and he quite bewilders one with the statement that fifteen hundred million copies of periodicals are sold in London alone.

## DEATHS.

On March 11, at Ridgeway, Lymington, Hants, Hugh Montolieu Hammersley, J.P. and D.L., County of Hants, aged seventy-one years.

On March 14, at Marton Baschurch, Salop, Edmund Waldo Meade-Waldo, Esquire, of Hever Castle and Stornoway, Kent, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

## THREE NEW NOVELS.

NOW READY.

**GIFTS AND WEIRDS.** By LILY PERKS, Author of "A Late Springtime," &c. In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

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NOW READY.

**THE MYSTERY OF MR. BERNARD BROWN.** By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s. RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, New Burlington Street.

NEW STORY BY JAMES PAYN.

**NOTICE.—THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE** for APRIL contains the first instalment of a Story in Three Parts, entitled

**THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GEORGE DRIFELL.**

BY JAMES PAYN.

and the following Contributions:  
**CLARISSA FURIOSA.** by W. E. Norris. Chaps. XIII. to XVI.—**FLORIDA IN WINTER—THE PRINCIPLES OF MISS MEHITABEL—POPULAR SONGS—AND ANIMAL TEMPER.** At all Booksellers' and Newsagents'. Price Sixpence.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

**MR. CROCKETT'S NEW NOVEL.**

**CLEG KELLY, ARAB OF THE CITY.**

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "The Raiders," "The Stick Minister," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

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Tooth Soap. It gives beautiful, white teeth, preserves the

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All the most beautiful women use

## CREME SIMON.

Mme. ADELINA PATTI says: "Have found it

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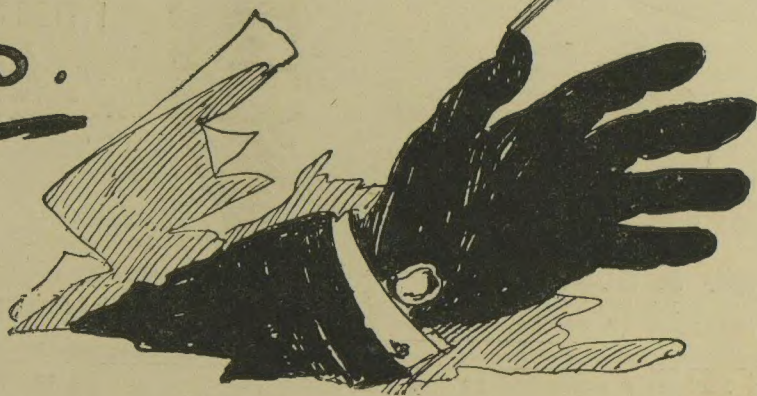
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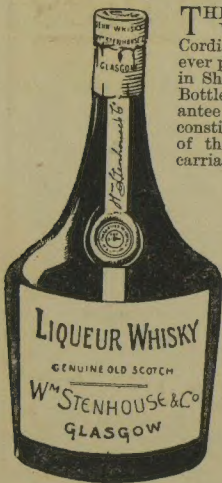


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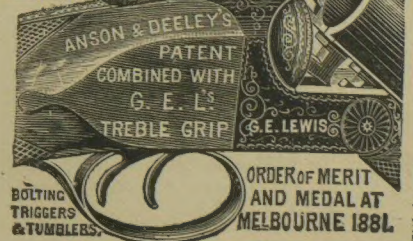
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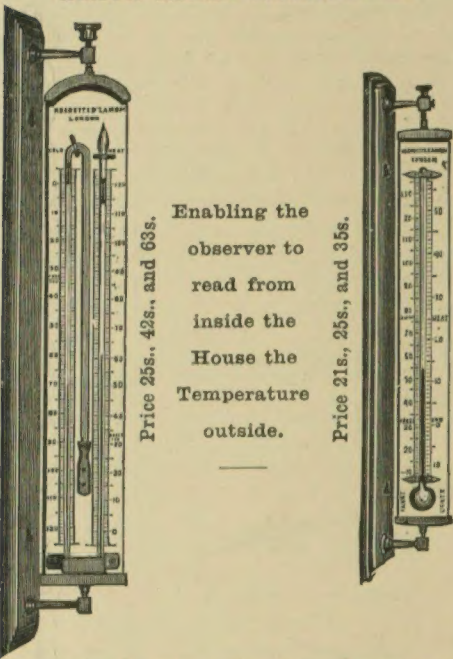
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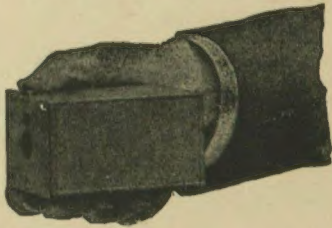


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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

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CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

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They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
**12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS,**  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

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BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED  
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

LEGAL GUARANTEE.

7½d.

**EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER**, the most successful American Remedy, is an effervescent powder, taken in water. If three doses do not cure any headache, no matter how caused, send the bottle to us, saying where obtained, AND **WE WILL AT ONCE REFUND THE PRICE.** Trial bottle, post free, 7½d. Larger sizes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 3d. Sold by many Chemists, or obtained to order by almost all.

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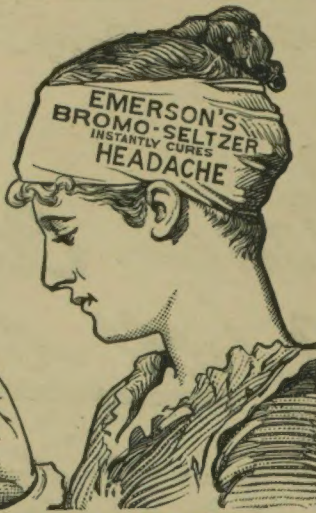
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Presentations.



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MAKERS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY,  
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MANUFACTURE OF THE  
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**FITTED SUIT CASES,**

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The only awarded at the Paris  
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Special,  
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Toilet powder—**CH. FAY, Inventor**  
9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, Judgement of 8th May 1875.

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST, THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

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Of Vegetable  
Drugs.

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ANTI-BILIOUS  
PILLS**

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BILE,

LIVER,

HEADACHE,

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ETC.

**A RIDE TO KHIVA.**

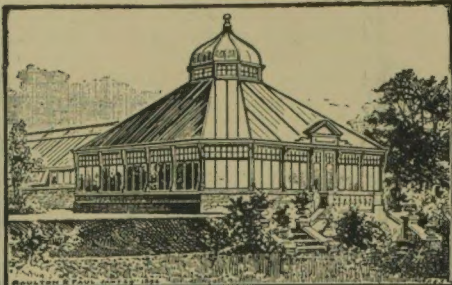
By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

**COCKLE'S PILLS,**

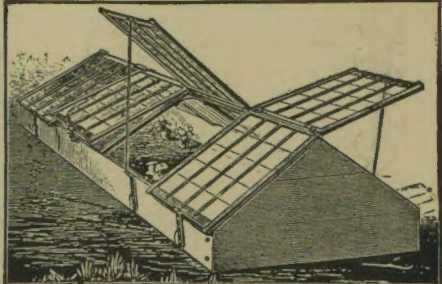
will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

**BOULTON & PAUL,**  
HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS, NORWICH.



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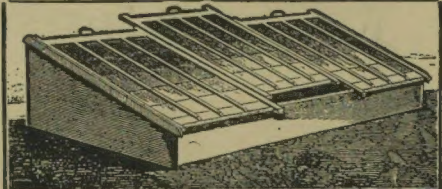


4ft. by 6ft. ... £2 9s. 12ft. by 6ft. ... £5 7s.  
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**WALL FRUIT TREE PROTECTORS,**

No. 65.—With Removable Lights, 24 ft. by 2 ft., £2 14s.  
No. 65A.—A Cheaper Form, 24 ft. by 2 ft. ... £2 8s.  
MADE IN ANY LENGTH, EASILY FIXED.

No. 75.—MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAME.



4ft. by 6ft. ... £1 15s. 12ft. by 6ft. ... £3 15s.  
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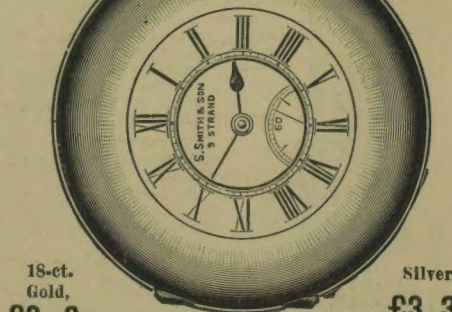
No. 77.—VIOLET FRAME, 6 ft. by 4 ft., 30s.  
Similar to No. 75, with Two Lights.

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